

IRELAND TO-DAY

SOCIAL ● ECONOMIC ● NATIONAL ● CULTURAL

OCTOBER 1936

VOL. I NO. 5

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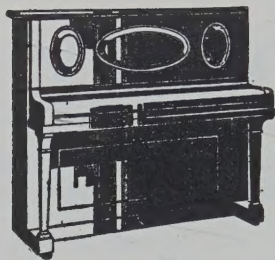
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Single copies—monthly, 1/-; post paid, 1/4. Prepaid subscriptions: 14/- per annum; 7/3, six months; 3/9, three months, post free. U.S.A. \$4.00 per annum only.

All communications to be addressed to the Editorial and Publishing Offices, 49 Stafford Street, Dublin. Telephone: 22655.

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EDITORIAL

LAST month, for the first time, we permitted ourselves to deal with matters outside our own country—as well ignore a world-war as the momentous issues flung forth by Spain. Now again, we are forced to discuss Spain, for Spain has invaded Ireland. Once again there is the danger of the stampede of a nation, and our voice must be with the disinterested and the just. We decry the atrocities that have shamed both sides—happily there would appear to be an abatement of these, and in fact the religious issue never has been the paramount one on either side. We acclaim the martyrdom that has crowned fidelity to duty of many religious and other innocent victims—but, like the writer of the article in the Dominican magazine *Blackfriars*, which should be read by all truth-seekers, we do not believe in the exploitation of that martyrdom. We have read with all humility the moving address of the Pope—and have taken comfort from those restrained words, though spoken direct to refugees.

For the extension of the accidental or the particular to the general, for the total condemnation of the legitimate government in every sphere and for the moral exaltation of the insurgents in their every action, we must come nearer home. The voice of charity, reason, justice, is often shouted down by violent and vociferous denunciation. Christian charity is slighted and orthodoxy often endangered when in moments of deep popular emotion, the hustings usurp the *prie-dieu*.

His Holiness the Pope, afflicted with the knowledge of his children divided in arms, having spoken at length in implied terms against the atrocities committed against the Church and her religious by those on the side of the Spanish Government, turned again implicitly but pointedly and spoke of the insurgents, warning them that “it is only too easy for the very ardour and difficulty of defence to go to an excess which is not wholly warranted, and further, intentions less pure, selfish interests and mere party feeling, may easily enter in to cloud and change the morality and responsibility of what is being done.” (*Cork Examiner* report.)

Many authorities of unquestioned orthodoxy have nobly echoed

the warning note sounded by the Supreme Pontiff. Our plea is that the restraining voice of charity and reason be heard. That plea is independent of the outcome of the struggle in Spain and is independent too of the fact that there is no comparison possible between the position of the Church in Spain and its very strong position in Ireland, where the clergy are of the people and everywhere loved and respected by them.

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When truth is so hard to assess, judgment should be deferred until the facts of history are indisputably before us. Meantime, we take three *facts* : (a) the legitimacy of the Azana government testified to by the Minister in Spain from our own country. Were confirmation needed, surely the continuance of the Papal Nuncio at Madrid is final enough? This testified that the Holy See considered further contact with the Madrid Government to be at any rate *not hopeless*. (b) The legislation initiated by the Spanish Government, which admittedly was anti-clerical in tendency, imposed no more restrictions on the Church than previous governments in France, where relations between Church and State settled down to comparative amity and brought about a spiritual resurgence in the fold of the Church. (c) Whatever about the more extreme government that the first weakness in the face of revolt brought about, the effect of exaggeration and propaganda is to throw into bold relief the many recorded acts of clemency of the Spanish Government for example, the treatment of the hostages at San Sebastian in spite of bombardment from sea and air ; the provision of a priest (from government territory where no priest is supposed to be alive) for the comfort of the besieged in the Alcazar of Toledo ; the appeals—supported by vain international intervention—to the defenders to evacuate the women and children to safety ; the similar appeals (*not* bombs) repeatedly dropped in Oviedo. Shall we leave it at this—on both sides Catholics, good and bad, as we are here—on both sides, fighting. Evil cannot reside wholly on one side, nor good wholly on the other. Let us leave vengeance to God and judgment to history.

●

The preliminary report of the decennial population census this year has now disclosed, contrary to general expectation, a *decrease* in population since 1926.

We may be forgiven for mentioning that this result was adumbrated in our August issue. The whole question will be

the subject of a symposium in our next issue. Meantime the figures—the actual population of the twenty-six counties of Saorstát Éireann in April of this year was 2,965,854, a decrease of 6,138 or 0.2 *per cent.* since 1926 ; the ratio of females to males is 953 to 1,000, the lowest in Europe ; the population of Dublin increased by 81,000.

●

So pronounced has been the fissiparous tendency of all Irish nationalistic or revolutionary movements—split after split—that notice should be taken of any contrary movement towards reunion. Federation has at last been achieved among the various bodies comprising the ex-Irish Republican Army ranks, and it would not surprise us in the light of events in other countries, if this Federation should grow to be a body to be reckoned with.

●

The inquest verdict arising out of the death in his cell in Arbour Hill of a Republican prisoner, undergoing a term of nine months in solitary confinement confirmed an element of the tragedy accepted by everyone irrespective of politics—the barbarity of solitary confinement—in this case doubly so, when the offence was that of commandeering, with thirty others, a lorry to visit Wolfe Tone's grave when no other transport was available. All our previous remarks as to the Military Tribunal which sentenced him and the whole question of prison reform, are still relevant. Should the Government avail of the present tragedy to amend its legislation more in conformity with popular feeling, it may be that it would gain politically. We are reminded of recent instances where it asserted its suzerainty above ordinary, or extra-ordinary, law.

●

Very often in judgment upon the decisions of heads of governments or their executives in world affairs, or even at home, critics have the nasty habit of decrying or belittling a just decision on the score that it is belated or has been dictated by fear. This is a wrong and unfair attitude. Fear, like evil, has an essential role to play in the divine scheme of things mundane. Its *modus operandi* should therefore be accepted and its good fruit properly appraised. Would the same critics who cavil at governments in this regard not be prepared to admit that fear is very often the collaborator with conscience that helps decisions in their own private morals ?

A FOREIGN COMMENTARY

In Paris at the moment, where political feeling is running high, the chief focussing point of public interest remains the Spanish conflict. Spain continues to interest the French people more than Hitler's speeches, more than internal readjustments, and more than the present Session of the League of Nations. Indignation was felt on every side at the temporising of Italy and Germany, and in particular at the delivery of Italian bombing planes to the rebels, on the very day of Mussolini's embargo on arms to Spain. Technically Italy was justified in delivering these arms, for they had reached Spanish territorial waters by the time Mussolini decided to sign the non-intervention pact. The French, however, having banned the exportation of arms some considerable time previously, were in no mood to appreciate such technicalities. The public appeals by Spanish delegates in Paris, and the manifesto in favour of the Government by the group of Spanish intellectuals, including many well-known Catholic writers, served only to increase the public anti-fascist indignation in France. On many sides Blum's non-intervention proposal was attacked. He was accused of being over-scrupulous where others were void of scruple, over-pacifist where others were seeking a pretext for war, of being in short a dupe of the Fascist Dictators. Blum, however, has all along been intensely alive to the dangers of the situation, and in a masterly speech, to which I shall refer again, he succeeded in bringing round to his point of view almost all the left-wing forces, harrowed though these were by the accounts of the massacre of their Spanish comrades. To many was brought home for the first time the full significance of Hitler's strangely violent protest at the stopping of the "Kamerun" by Spanish Government ships. It is widely considered in France, rightly or wrongly, that the existence of the Franco-British non-intervention pact alone prevented the "Kamerun" incident from becoming the pretext for official German intervention in the Spanish rebellion.

* * *

The usual reason given by Great Britain for her retention of control over certain Irish ports is that, in the event of war, it is vital to her to be able to prevent an enemy from using Ireland as a war base. In view of the constant landing of arms in Portugal and the vague possibility that, despite keen Portuguese vigilance, some of these arms might trickle across the frontier into the hands of the rebels, we may expect, at any moment, that the British Government, always on the side of

reason, will use its influence in Portugal to provide for an effective supervision by the Spanish Government of all Portuguese ports. Britain would be the last nation to demand of Spain that she remain in a state of insecurity which Britain herself has refused to tolerate.

* * *

One or two points are worth stressing before passing to other topics. It should be recalled that the Spanish legal reforms levelled against the Church in Spain : the projected separation of Church and State, the removal of the educational monopoly from the hands of the clergy, the disestablishment of certain Orders, *had all been in practice in France for over thirty years*. Yet no armed revolt was organised in France. True, the Irish newspapers of the time were filled with terrible pictures of France selling her soul to the devil ; but business relations were not interrupted, nor did Paris become the target for all Christian bullets. Again, for the understanding of the clash of forces in the world to-day, a rough definition of the meaning of the word " Fascism " is indispensable. Fascism, as the word is now accepted, is simply the resort to force by the capitalist powers in any country where the workers are beginning to demand a change from the capitalist régime. The proclamation of Franco, for instance, is significant : he is going to abolish trade unions and the right to strike. The attempt to resort to force by the French Fascists is by no means over, the danger of such an outbreak constitutes one of the Government's chief difficulties. It is to be noted, too, that democracy, the right of the people to choose their own form of Government, is never condemned in capitalist countries until the people start choosing something other than capitalism. Then the pretexts for the violent overthrow of democracy vary with the temperament of the people ; the French people are told that they will lose their freedom under Socialism, the Germans that they will lose their national honour, the Spaniards that they will lose their religion. Finally, it is ironical that the Prussian revolutionaries were formerly condemned in liberal circles for their resort to violence in the achievement of Socialism, and that now in almost every country where the people have voted peacefully for a trial of a system differing however little from the capitalist violence has been used unmercifully against them.

* * *

Still of vital importance to the peace of Europe are the relations between France and Germany. An opportunity has recently

been given to the world to compare the point of view of the two Governments. Blum spoke twice recently to his people and to the world; once to justify his policy of non-intervention in Spain, on the grounds that, despite the legal right to aid the Spanish Government, such a course would endanger the peace of the world; and a second time to reaffirm the belief of the French people in democracy, in organised peace, and in the toleration of all creeds and governments in other nations. "France," he says, "does not intend to try and impose upon any other people the principles of government which she herself considers the wisest and the most just. She respects their sovereignty as she means to have her own respected." There is to be no question, therefore, of "saving Germany from Nazism," of preventing the victory of Fascism in Spain, except, and he retains for his cause a powerful weapon, *by the force of example*. The effectiveness of this weapon is well understood in Italy and Germany as is seen by the censorship and distortion of news from France. It took, for example, twenty-four hours for Blum's first speech to be reported, and then as briefly as possible, in the German press. It is further to be noted, before passing to Hitler's pronouncements, that France has nationalised her armaments so that no more profit will be made on the spilt blood of the French soldier.

* * *

Hitler has again made several interesting announcements at Nuremberg. He is a pacifist, a good European, and he desires co-operation with every nation in the world save one, Russia. Communism, however, he hates like poison, and, therefore, he finds it impossible to co-operate fully with any nation which is willing to co-operate with Russia, *even if it be for peace*. This is very interesting, though at first sight difficult to understand; for we can hardly be expected to believe that it is upon religious grounds that Hitler expresses such violent hatred for the Russian. When, however, he goes on to observe that Germany is in urgent need of colonies (in flat contradiction of himself but a short while ago), and to remark *en passant* that if Germany had at her disposal the vast tracts of the Ukraine and the Ural regions she could make a veritable paradise on earth, then we begin to understand. In short, Germany has failed to be sufficient unto herself. The worker who suggested to a body of his comrades that with the rich man's bank account they could make a paradise on earth, would hardly be excused on the grounds that he was merely illustrating his ideas.

Now nobody will deny that Germany has as much right to

her ex-colonies as England has to India, or as France to Cochin-China, but when we find him offering twenty-five years' peace to Western Europe, refusing to co-operate in any peace plan which includes Russia, and casting a longing eye on the Ukraine, we begin to smell a rat.

It was suggested some time ago in these notes that we might well see France giving a lead in this question of the re-arrangement of Colonies. Already this has begun; the Algerian is now practically a French citizen, Syria and Lebanon have been granted complete autonomy. A promising start. When we consider, on the other hand, that before the war only 5 per cent. of German importations came from her colonies, that the Abyssinian "colony," which Italy so *urgently* needed, will not, according to Badoglio himself, be a paying proposition for another fifty years, we begin to wonder whether it is really a colony which becomes urgently necessary to a Fascist State at a certain stage of its evolution, or simply—a war. Such a conclusion is an extremely grave one and should not be reached without very careful consideration. One almost hesitates to recall the fact that in Germany the unemployment problem has been solved largely by the boom in the armament industries and by the placing of over a million men under arms.

* * *

The High Commissioner of Palestine has been assisted for many years in his task of administration by troops and police recruited among the Black and Tans, fresh from the Irish front. While freely admitting that the retention in England of these men might have seriously endangered the peace, yet we find it difficult to understand why the British Government should have chosen to send them to keep in order their Arab "friends and allies." Further, we are asked to believe that the "troubles" in Palestine are due to Arab attacks upon Jews. If this be so, it is difficult to see why, in the official list of casualties up to June the 19th, the Arabs outnumber the Christians and the Jews together. A similar and perhaps even more striking proportion exists between the numbers of Arabs, Christians and Jews tried and convicted during the same period. The interesting fact which lurks behind this revolt is that the Arabs are fighting for their liberty against British Imperialism, which is using the Zionist movement as a willing instrument. Britain has no intention of relinquishing her grasp on Palestine, despite her offer in 1934 of a "Legislative Council" for twenty-eight members, of whom the Arabs might elect eight and the Jews three, the others to be "appointed"! If further evidence

be sought that the revolt is against Imperialism rather than against the Jews, one might quote from the statement of Ahmad Dabbagh, Secretary of the Arab Strike Committee: "The struggle is for our national freedom against any sort of imperialism. We are fighting with all the means at our disposal . . . against the common enemy, the British Imperialism." Again we remember that all through last year strikes were frequent both among Arab *and among Jewish workers*.

* * *

For the Arab peasants there has long existed a system with which the Irish peasant has in his time been familiar: the peasant improved the land, the landlord raised the rent, and the peasant paid up or got out. Thousands of Arab families have *never* been out of debt. With the coming of the Zionists, the landlords took the opportunity of evicting the Arab tenants by thousands and obtaining considerable sums from the Jewish Agency for the lands. These lands are *let* to Jewish immigrants under the express conditions that the lessee employs *only* Jewish labour. It will be seen that this situation, not only tolerated but encouraged by the British Administration, spells extinction to the Arab. However, they have been promised a nice long enquiry.

* * *

Now, more than ever, since Abyssinia was pacified, the control of Arabia is imperative to British Imperial interests. Palestine has been called by British experts "the future air centre of the Empire." The proximity of Palestine to the Suez Canal is not without its importance, but most important of all is the fact that at the rapidly growing port of Haifa the oil pipe-line from Iraq has its outlet. Add to this the fact that Imperial Chemicals are exploiting the mineral wealth of the Dead Sea, which has been estimated by Sir Herbert Samuel at eight hundred million pounds, and we have a fairly clear idea of *why* Britain wishes to maintain in Palestine a contented and loyal population of Zionists. In the event of "trouble," Jewish lives can better be spared than British ones. Lest this last statement be thought unduly cynical, let me quote Lord Melchett of Imperial Chemicals: "The security of this complex of Imperial interests can be better assured by a large European population than by the few battalions that can be spared." It remains to be seen whether the Jewish people will accept this role, or whether they will make it clear that Zionism represents not the Jewish people, but Jewish capitalism.

OWEN SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON

THE NATIONAL CHARACTER

During the course of twenty-five years I have contributed articles on such subjects as Housing for the Working Classes, the Slum Problem in Dublin, Labour Conditions and the new social service of Town Planning. Endeavouring to think entirely outside the narrow periphery of an official mentality, I have usually given expression to opinions in those articles which are not in accord with the hide-bound notions of the mass of our public, which consistently refuses to think beyond the alleged sanctity of precedent, and which sits back in its evening armchair saying "Whatever is—is best."

It may be accepted as a reasonable dictum that so long as the Irish public is satisfied to preserve a favourite newspaper mind and nurse the lethargic hope that an isolated few will perform the labour of thinking for it—there can be little progress in many reforms coming under the headings selected by this magazine. If one of the many distinguished contributors should select the heading Social, he will find himself dealing with some aspect upon which any unanimity of opinion is at present hopeless and in like manner the same result is applicable to all the other headings.

This leads me to the statement that as we view the Irish race as it is at home to-day, the only conclusion that can be drawn is that it is the most disintegrated body of opinion in probably any civilised country in the world. Therefore, the natural corollary to this condition is that there is really no such thing existing as Irish opinion. If there is any doubt still remaining of the truth of this statement let any reader discuss a matter of common concern with his neighbour and either of two results will emerge, namely complete hypocritical acceptance of the views expressed or complete antagonism. In the case of either acceptance or rejection of individual views expressed, it will be usually apparent that there has been no thinking foundation

underneath. It is almost a case that if you like a man's face you agree with him, if not you disagree. Such is the lethargy to which general opinion has descended.

Physically and mentally the Irish are a lazy race at home and intolerant into the bargain. There is hope for mass opinion which is ignorant and willing to learn, but the same cannot be said for opinion not open to instruction. If an Irishman speaks on a particular subject to a Britisher or a foreigner, it will be at once noticeable that the person addressed takes up a listening attitude in the hope of gleaning information. The Irishman likes to hear himself talking and his empty pride of speech suggests to him that he knows really what he is talking about. Therefore conversation among ourselves or overheard in public places resolves itself into an inane chatter of words. The most casual expression invites agreement, for examples "Fine day, isn't it?" "Feeling well now, aren't you?" Although individually we hate to contemplate disagreement with a particular view, yet in the mass we encourage universal diversity of opinion.

All this preamble leads to a consideration of the national character as we find it at home in Ireland to-day.

Our national character is better known to many other peoples than to ourselves. Unfortunately for our past history it has been known intimately to a powerful neighbouring people, which has taken and is now taking every advantage of it. The outstanding vice in that character, i.e., dissension, is as apparent to-day as ever it has been in our race. While it remains, our national destiny will remain clouded indefinitely, while other peoples are steadily advancing in the evolution of race cohesion. We are familiar with the Irishman who is quick to disparage his native land upon the least inducement, forgetting that when he does this in the presence of outsiders they receive it with usually silent contempt.

Time was when the little world of Dublin was a much quieter place. In those days men thought more than we think, and

because they were thoughtful their minds were more at one than ours are. Now we talk, write and blindly seek too much—while we think, and therefore live, too little. Our profuse talking and writing passes through our minds merely as storm water in inclement weather, and its effect is merely transient. When we need mental food we must quote the thinkers of generations past, and find in the process that thinking has permanency.

In other lands to-day we have no reputation as thinkers or as a people possessing any strength of character. We have no prestige in British literature, and having the privilege of reading recently an American work of fiction, commonly known here as a banned book, and of the most demoralizing character, I find that the role of Irish doctor therein depicts an ignorant, cunning, quarrelsome type. This work claims to have been so popular that many editions were issued. The famous Dr. Johnson long ago presented his English admirers with a picture of Irish character in the words "The Irish are an honest people—they seldom speak well of one another." It will be as difficult for us to live down this definition as for the Jewish race to survive the Shylock of Shakespeare.

To-day we pride ourselves upon the quality of destructive humour that prompted the Irish wit of long ago, Sir Boyle Roche, to say "Why bother about posterity, what has posterity done for us?" We still retain the vice of tearing down anything, spiritual or material. Walking in a reflective mood on a Summer's eve in North Wales and passing miles of stone walls along the highway, built of loose stones without binding of any kind, and not finding a single stone out of place—I was almost tempted to pull down a few as a relief to my Irish impulse.

If the reader is young and innocent, as I once was, he will still be impressed with propaganda of the "Come to Erin" or "See Ireland First" description, but when he has grown up and seen what can be done elsewhere in order, tidiness, respectability and

amenity, his early impressions will be rudely shattered. We are so accustomed to the comforts of our easy going inefficiency that we do not realise it exists at all. It takes longer to perform a little task here than in many other lands. To walk even in the public thoroughfare with ordinary speed is more difficult than elsewhere. In public places and public vehicles everybody assumes an attitude of genial obstructiveness and lassitude. An army of beggars, many of them human derelicts and some revolting to gaze upon, percolate through the population, or knock at our hall doors in the suburbs, notwithstanding charities galore, the dole and everything else. During the Eucharistic Congress and Horse Show periods I have seen them pester distinguished visitors for money—for the love of God ! I realise that our misguided softheartedness is the cause of all this, but I ask the reader what impression this makes upon strangers and are we to have no regard for national pride ?

Were a thinking Irishman asked what pre-eminently was the need of his race at home to-day, he should reply that it was a strengthening of the national character.

In every land there are the thinkers honoured by the masses, and here also we have our thinkers—voices in the wilderness. Here a new policy Social ; Economic ; National or Cultural is feebly propounded by one of the wilderness voices and the inevitable question follows “ Who is that fellow (fella) ? ” There is little or no effort to discover either his theme or his policy or to think or instruct oneself. If he is a politician he is disposed of by cataloguing to a party, if a sociologist to a religion, or if a culturist to a fad and so forth. The great topics of Social Credit ; Totalitarian Government ; Communist Philosophy ; Economic Nationalism, etc., now engaging the deep thinking of advanced peoples of the world are here taboo. Mark the words of a thinker that all these are inexorably comprised in our destiny.

What is national character ? It is the distinctive feature of every people—the sum of excellences or defects which makes

it what it is. Taking the accepted components of character as heredity, environment and education, allow me to note briefly for your readers how the Irish character is affected by any one or all of these. As a race merely emerging from slavery, we are passing through an Irish renaissance in political sentiment and economic thought. In the realm of heredity the character of our race has been weakened by national vicissitudes. Our environment has caused us to suffer hitherto from isolation with the result that the development of our people, such as it is, has been dependent upon peasant thought until recent years. Our education has been obtained by looking out through an English window, from which we have obtained our light and our vista.

These components or influences have forced the Gael to be less than himself in face of the Saxon. He is unable to meet the self-acknowledged lord of creation eye to eye. The hybrid soul of the Anglo-Celt, the "Shoneen," has no identity, and seeking none, apes merely patronage from the foreigner of every nation.

Nowhere in the world is society divided into such watertight compartments as in our country. There is no mutual acceptance in the classes and the masses. There is also the narrow outlook, the drab monotony, the irritating personal tittle-tattle that does duty for conversation. Everything is made downright dull, due to the present-day pettiness of the native character.

Why should we not allow one another to be prophets in our own land? Why should the Irish temperament always remain intolerant? Why not cultivate a receptive mentality towards innovation? Why should Ireland be content to remain poverty-stricken, retrograde, jealous and unhappy, rather than set about strengthening her national character?

The Irish character undoubtedly has many endearing traits, but also many weaknesses which other races do not possess. Within the past fifty years the Belgian, Swedish, Finnish, Danish, German and Japanese have been so to speak reborn

racés—that is to say, have largely strengthened their national characters. As evidenced by Edmund Spenser in his letters from Ireland to Queen Elizabeth of England, over three hundred years ago, the Irish then “very valiant, great endurers of labour, very active, swift of movement, very vigilant and circumspect in their enterprises and very great scorers of death” possessed strong character.

With the advance of world enlightenment new ideas are percolating slowly into our mentality, whether we like it or not, but Church and State are still determined that parish opinion will be retained uppermost, and we have large numbers of our youth languishing in jail for offences not known in the Ten Commandments. In such conditions can we ever hope to create an upstanding race in this motherland of Erin?

Our hopes of reform should reside in young Ireland, call them I.R.A. if you like, so that by well co-ordinated education, an outlet for juvenile mass discipline and the cultivation of sturdy patriotism, we can ultimately make profitable the unique native intelligence and matchless energy that are now and for ages have been lying deep in the Irish character, like precious metals in the bowels of the earth.

HORACE T. O’ROURKE

IRELAND AND GERMANY

I RETURNED, not long ago, from an Educational Conference in Berlin—my first experience of Germany since Hitler came to power. On reaching Ireland I have been reflecting afresh on the analogies to be drawn and the differences to be noticed between recent Irish and recent German history.

Ireland and Germany are both nations whose nationhood has been restricted from outside. That is the essential resemblance. Both had Treaties imposed on them under circumstances of duress, Ireland in 1921 and Germany in 1919. In each case the duress symbolised itself in an ultimatum of short time limit. Ireland, it is true, had the luxury of sending Delegates to the negotiating table, while Germany had to put up with "dictated" terms. But Ireland's delegates were denied at the crisis the chance of reference back to their principals. Germany at least was permitted to bring the decision before her legislature at home. It would be hard to say which country was the more unfairly treated.

Apart from their origins, the Treaty of 1921 and the Versailles "dictate" bear each other a sharp likeness; they each deny to one party fundamental rights, physical and psychological. The defence facilities granted the British under "the Treaty" have, or had, their counterpart in the fifteen-year occupation clauses, and permanent disarmament stipulations of Versailles. Irish "Partition" pairs off with the exclusion from Germany of Danzig, Memel, the Saar (till 1935), Austria (which like the others wanted to be included in Germany) and the Colonies. The financial clauses of the Irish Treaty and the attempt to extract Land Annuities may be set against German reparations.

When we turn to psychological impositions, the British insistence on the disestablishment of the Irish Republic surpasses only in degree of brutality the allied attitude that made Germany sign an acknowledgment of sole responsibility for the War. The disarmament and colonial penalties of Versailles inflicted

too their psychological wound. Truly, Ireland and Germany should be able to appreciate each other's wrongs from intimate acquaintance with their own.

Countries treated thus—countries in this way imposed on, cannot view the *status quo* with the same reverence, cannot subscribe to the sanctity of international contracts with the same reverence as countries that have done the imposing. I am not arguing for complete licence for all so-called "unsatisfied powers," Italy and Japan for example. I am simply saying that the Irish and German Treaties infringe fundamental National rights in a way that England would never allow her fundamental rights to be infringed, unless she were first crushed in war; that the Treaties are in that sense unjust and that no neutral observer could attribute moral blame, though he might attribute political unwisdom to any Irish or German statesman who broke the Treaties in question.

Now justice tends in the long run to prevail because it lends persistence to its followers and weakens the arm of the unjust. This being so, England would have been well advised to realise from the first that the burdens on Ireland and Germany would gradually be whittled away; those of Ireland (owing to the strange expansive quality of the Treaty) by processes that we can honestly call legal, those of Germany by the written word being erased. A British policy of generosity and of ready acquiescence in amendment would in each case have won England a friend.

But the time-honoured story of the Sibylline books is the one that no nation seems capable of learning. So Collins was goaded by Churchill and later Cosgrave tricked over the boundary, while in Germany, the dying Stresemann, martyr to the policy of fulfilment, told the journalist, Lockhart, how the British expected him to give, give, give, without repayment. Till the youth of Germany, which might have been saved for peace, had passed to National Socialism. That, said Stresemann to the Englishman, "is my tragedy and your crime."

To-day, England sighs for Collins and Cosgrave, and in the same breath, for Stresemann ; when Hitler enters the Rhineland, England sighs for his offers of 1933, 1934 and 1935 ; when he demands Colonies in September, she sighs for him as he was in March. " No surrender " she cries, as she counts the paper assets of her international contracts. And then there comes along the *fait accompli* and the great Empire, not through cowardice, but because she does not really believe in the justice of her claims and her adversary believes in hers so passionately—the great Empire after a peevish lecture, takes the *fait accompli* lying down.

International justice is a difficult conception, because there are so many questions (the Polish corridor for example), where absolutely just decision cannot be dogmatically proclaimed. But equally there are certain fundamental rights of Nationhood attaching to each Nation, and there can be no pretence of justice while these are denied. Once England and other countries realise that such rights are going in the end to over-ride scraps of paper (which by the way are very useful if kept in proper perspective) they would distinguish between indefeasible claims, such as those of Ireland and Germany and gratuitous aggressions such as those of Italy and Japan ; and they would make inevitable concessions at the time and in the manner to placate.

Ireland and Germany having been treated similarly by England, are we then to identify the state of mind of present-day Ireland with that of present-day Germany? No, that is the curious thing. And the merciful thing for Ireland.

The broad lines of the foreign policy of the two countries have been similar up to the present, but Ireland had somehow managed to retain a peaceful outlook, Germany has not. It may be said that if Ireland had Germany's military strength she would harbour militant intentions towards, for example, the Six Counties, but I do not think that is so. The new German attitude in foreign affairs is a reflex of her internal development, is the outcome, to put it plainly, of her descent to Fascism.

The Nazi economic proposals—autarchy, bold finance, curtailment of gross inequalities in wealth—will not be altogether uncongenial to Irishmen and there may be some sympathy with that fierce striving after untroubled community of feeling, with that determination to achieve sense of fellowship, which uplifts the better Nazis to-day.

But with the political method they adopt towards their ideal—and the method is the essence of the system—there can be no compromise. That method is to eradicate everything critical and everything felt to be alien, by violence and if necessary by torture. And though a Nazi will tell you that such expedients are transitional, they will last as long as the Nazi system itself. For to enforce community of a feeling by crushing thought is something that can never be accomplished in a nation once civilized so long as the human spirit remains as we have known it. Violence and torture will continue to be necessary to the maintenance of Fascism and will continue, therefore, to dominate the German domestic scene and, through their effect on German foreign politics, to poison international relations.

It is Ireland's triumph to have suffered the fate of Germany for far longer than Germany and yet to have emerged sane and democratic and possessed of peaceful intent.

Why has this been possible? Why was Ireland never brought down to the German chaos of 1932 from which in a sense Hitler had excuse from rescuing his country? The answer is simple. Ireland understood and appreciated better than Germany the meaning not only of democracy, but of nationalism. In Germany democracy had to fall to let nationalism enter. In Ireland the two have gone hand in hand.

The evil in Germany was that the democrats were neither sufficiently nationalistic nor sufficiently courageous to deal with nationalistic enemies of democracy. In Ireland each government elected since the Treaty has adequately avoided this reproach. But Irish democracy will fall as did Germany democracy if her government falters in a reasonable nationalism.

For while there is probably no group of any consequence in Ireland that at the moment prefers dictatorship to democracy, dictatorship is the natural and often only justifiable reply to the collapse of civil order.

Progressive attainment of full national emancipation; unwavering profession of public order—based on these qualities Irish democracy will overcome obstacles that pulled down Germany, and will endure. And it is worth adding that the virtues of an Ireland so governed stand a fair chance of making their way through the traditional fogs of English Imperial calculation to the consciousness of the English people and so changing, what is already showing signs of being not quite immutable, English feeling about Ireland.

FRANK PAKENHAM

EXOTIC

Under a cedar, in the calm
Of a walled garden, filled with balm

Of rosemary and lavender,
I saw a peacock pace and stir :

Furl and unfurl his painted tail
Like the parti-coloured sail

Of a galleon of Spain :
Following his proud pavaine

Past the lilacs, where a door
Opened on the barren shore,

Suddenly there came to me
Desire of the bitter sea :

So I flung the doorway wide
And saw, across the making tide,

Towering gannets wheel and poise
Over the sea's exultant noise,

Veer, and swerving downward, fall
White against the blackening squall

Climbing inland, close behind
The sun-burst, till the coast was blind :

All that ecstasy of life—
Wind and wave with wing at strife—

Clouded, and made cold and pale
The splendours of the peacock's tail.

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IS AN IRISH CULTURE POSSIBLE ?

IRELAND stands at the cross roads. Guides beckon her to differing ways. One invites her to the land of cosmopolitan culture. The other to hidden Ireland.

It may seem foolish to join in the controversy between Mr. O Faoláin and Mr. Corkery. Each is didactic. Each parries and thrusts with an unfoiled rapier. Each is quite certain he has all of the truth. Can it be that each is wrong in his main thesis ; that Mr. Corkery has much more of the truth than Mr. O Faoláin ? I recently heard Mr. O Faoláin read a paper on "Difficulties of the Irish Novelist," or "Difficulties of the Irish Catholic Novelist." I forget which was the title of the lecture. Mr. O Faoláin discussed the novel from A to Z. We had a learned exposition of realism, surrealism, the romantic novel, the impressionist novel, the historical novel, of Zola Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Balzac, Defoe, Maupassant, and many others. Is this fundamental ?

When we take a wide and comprehensive survey of the novel we do not think in terms of realism, romanticism, or any other -ism, we do not think in terms of the tricks and technique of craftsmanship, we think in terms of the society which the novelist portrays, of the society which, whether he knows it or not, forms and moulds the novelist himself. We speak of the Spanish novel, the French novel, the Russian novel, the English novel. Going further than the novel we speak of French, Spanish, English literature ; and, further still, of the French, Spanish, Italian school of painting or music. We speak of French life, English life, Spanish life, of French culture, English culture, Spanish culture ; of Buddhist culture, the culture of Islam. There is something greater than the novel and the novelist and that is the society which moulds the novelist, the society out of which the novelist himself is begotten.

There is no Irish novel, or to be precise the Irish novel is in the embryo state. There is no Irish novel because there is no

Irish society, there is no Irish nation. There was an Anglo-Irish novel in the nineteenth century, and it was, with a few exceptions, a travesty of Irish life and of the Irish people.

Half our quarrels in this world are due to not defining terms. The word Anglo-Irish has been used in so many different varieties of meaning that it is essential at once to define this word.

By the word "Anglo-Irish" I mean a definite society which arose in Ireland in the seventeenth century, took final form in the eighteenth, continued during the nineteenth, and was finally dissolved and absorbed into the Irish in the twentieth century. That society had a separate and distinct existence within the Irish nation. It had a definite philosophy of politics, of aesthetics, of history, of society and economics, of Irish life, and what was greater than Irish life, of Life itself. To that society was assigned by England the governance of this land. In the eighteenth century that governance was conducted by an Anglo-Irish Parliament subject to the English Parliament, and in the nineteenth century Ireland was administered by an Anglo-Irish executive and administration, subject to the English or British Parliament. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries that Anglo-Irish society was clear cut and divided from the Irish society, and during the eighteenth century it was clear cut and divided from the Scots-Irish. It was a perfect organism with a heart, a nervous system, a brain and members, living a life detached from the Irish, opposed to the Irish in nine out of ten things on which the Irishman had deep or serious convictions.

By Irish culture we mean the interpretation of life by Irish men and women. And life may be interpreted by social forms ; by native manners, characters and custom ; by native dance and folklore ; by music, by painting and craftsmanship ; by sculpture ; by native dress ; the cinema, and by the written word.

It is unfortunate that when we Irish people think of culture

we think too often in terms of the written word, of literature and of one small field in the demesne of literature, prose fiction—the Novel. Tons of novels are published every decade. Ninety-five per cent. of that output has less interest and value for man than an equal quantity of cabbage or potatoes. One could say truly the average novel is rubbish, and that the average peasant does for society a work much greater and nobler than the average novelist.

I have heard it costs three hundred pounds to publish a novel. Four thousand copies must be sold to pay costs, and of these four thousand, four hundred at most may be sold in Ireland. From this fact it is obvious that an Irish novel is not possible to-day. An English publisher decides the fate of the Irish novel. English critical standards measure its worth. Readers outside this country determine the tone and tempo.

How can a native culture ever develop without a cultural press, a native canon and standard of values ; without native patrons, and a native critical audience ? That cultural press, critical canon and discriminating audience cannot grow like grass from the soil. It must be subsidised and nurtured from above, from a church, a government, and an aristocracy of tradition and of intellect. Those who had all the tradition of office, of culture, of governance in this island for centuries did their utmost to destroy everything Irish. The governments we have had since the treaty have been too busy conserving the very fabric of society after the Black and Tan orgy, the Civil War, to care overmuch for the colour or design, and the Church for causes obvious to every student of our history is not so much estranged from the great classic art, music, and craftsmanship of Europe, as ignorant almost of its existence.

If there is to be an Irish culture it is necessary, first, that there should be an Irish society, an Irish nation ; an Irish society capable of forming its own canons of judgment, capable of forming its own cultural press, and its own reading public. That is not possible because Ireland does not exist to-day.

There is no composite homogeneous Irish society. A portion of the people in the north-east of Ireland call themselves British. The remaining portion call themselves Irish. English culture as understood by the Anglo-Irish is dead or dying. The choice before Ireland is not a choice between Irish culture and traditional English culture. It is a choice between Irish culture and a mechanised material British civilisation.

When Mr. Corkery says that Ireland to-day should go back to the eighteenth century, back to the submerged Irish, who in that century lived a pariah life in a ghetto, sundered from English culture and tradition, sundered from the main stream of European culture and tradition ; when he says that Ireland to-day should sever itself from Europe and spin out of its own entrails and the indigenous memories of Gaelic civilisation a literature and an art of her own, he is wrong. But he is much less wrong than Mr. O Faoláin, who says we are beginning life afresh in this twentieth century. We are on an island which rose from the seas overnight, and we must guide our new course by a compass marked with all kinds of strange names : Gide, Lawrence, Zola, and a hundred others. Some culture conceivably could arise from a pure national and insular tradition; no culture will arise from a cosmopolitanism that lowers in the scale of values the local, the national.

Literature and art are the refraction of the universe through the soul of the artist. The art which refracts the universal through a patchwork of colours, a dome of many-coloured glass, will be greater than that which refracts the universal through a flat level of one coloured cosmopolitanism, undistinguished by native idiom, manner, character, custom.

If Ireland is to achieve anything she must look back rather than forward. She must reconstruct from within and from below that native life which has been aborted for centuries, and she must construct it vivified and inspired by the great classic tradition and the common European life which she knew so well in her childhood, which she has lost for so long.

Of the difference between cosmopolitan and true national culture we cannot get a better example than the proposal to transform the Abbey into a second Gate theatre. The Gate theatre has been useful in keeping our people informed of recent developments of world drama. It is a gramophone which repeats other men's thoughts. Of intrinsic and abiding moment in the history of the drama it has little interest. But in the Abbey Theatre we hear a living voice. The drama of the charnel house, of that flat-faced modern society where every one wears the same dress, thinks the same thoughts, where the characters may have French, English, American names for any difference it makes to the colour or tone, personality or identity of the theme—that drama you can have anywhere, in New York, in Berlin, in Paris. But in the Abbey Theatre one feels that here is something that is true craftsmanship and true art, that cannot be reproduced without losing half of its virtue. When we see such a play as that recently revived by the Abbey, Mr. Murray's "Maurice Harte," we feel this is a perfect gem in a perfect setting. Travel the world and you will not see its like. Transferred to New York, or London half the quality will be lost. Here, in this theatre alone, can we see the perfect interpretation of this Irish theme through Irish minds by Irish characters.

It is true this play is written in English. In essentials, does it not portray the life of that Hidden Ireland of the eighteenth century, of which Mr. Corkery speaks? I can well imagine in the eighteenth century some Irish bard composed a poem on a similar subject. And though the language be different, yet I can imagine the subject and the treatment the same.

And here we come on another fallacy. Mr. Yeats in a recent broadcast said that a native speaker from the Blaskets or the Aran Islands might come to live in Dublin but he would think with the mind of Anglo-Ireland. Yet, many men have come from the Aran Islands to Dublin, and from Kerry and Galway. Even though they were monolingual (Irish speakers), these men, on learning English, did not think with the mind of Anglo-

Ireland. On any fundamental subject of Irish politics or aesthetics they had the same mind as nine out of ten of Dublin citizens and that was not an Anglo-Irish mind. It is an error to confuse the mind with the instrument on which the mind plays. Lord Carson, the orthodox representative of Anglo-Irish culture for the first few decades of the twentieth century, used English as a medium for expressing his thought. A citizen of Dublin, even though he came from the Blaskets, uses English to express his thoughts, but each has very different things to say. It is not the language, the dead word, the lifeless lyre that matters; it is the mind that is of moment, the spirit which breathes upon the dead word and makes it winged.

Mr. Yeats is the greatest paradox in contemporary Irish literature. Ireland owes an unforgettable debt to him. To him is due, in great measure, the renaissance of Irish literature. These latter days he has championed the Anglo-Irish philosophy of life. And yet orthodox Anglo-Irish philosophy would have denounced him as a champion.

One half of his life seems to run counter to the other half. Unlike Mr. Corkery, who would go back to the hidden Ireland of the eighteenth century, Mr. Yeats would go back to the Anglo-Ireland of the eighteenth century. To him that eighteenth century is a period when Ireland, escaped from the confusion of past ages, was at last settling down to ordered life and high achievement. To the Irishman (in Mr. Corkery's tradition) that eighteenth century is meaningless. It is an age when an ancient Irish civilisation, torn from the soil in which it lived for two thousand years, was scattered like rank weeds throughout that land to which it had given its manners, its name and its life.

No one of the traditional Anglo-Irish leaders would have acknowledged the championship of Mr. Yeats. To Swift, to whom he appeals often, his early philosophy of aesthetics—Irish mythology and Celtic symbolism—would have seemed the barbarous mouthings of a primitive tribe. Swift, a classic Alexandrine and discontented place-hunter who lived at St.

Patrick's, like Ovid among the Goths at Tomi, would have despised a literature or art reared on an Irish mythology or on native Irish philosophy. Burke, the greatest of the Anglo-Irish, would not have recognised his philosophy of society. For Burke, society rested on the altar and the throne. The throne was the throne of England, and the altar was the altar of the Church of England (or Ireland). No one of the traditional political leaders of Anglo-Ireland or of the institutions on which Anglo-Ireland was founded—the Church of Ireland, Trinity College—would have recognised his philosophy of politics. The man who wrote a ballad in praise of '98 would have been as heretical to them in the eighteenth century as the man who wrote a panegyric of the men of 1916 must have been to Carson in the twentieth century.

If there is one country in the world where one man symbolises nearly all of national life and nearly the whole content of the national struggle, that country is Ireland, and that man is the Irish peasant, the Irish yeoman. Overwhelmed ; deserted on all sides, by his own native chiefs and gentry after the Treaty of Limerick ; despised by the new formed aristocracy, that peasant never faltered. Like some brigade cut off from the main army, without direction or resources, the Irish yeoman fought a soldier's battle, and in our own day beat to subjection the greatest power of Europe, victorious in the greatest of all wars. Other countries may erect memorials to their great soldiers and statesmen, but that Irish yeoman—his indomitable spirit and unconquerable will—was the very spirit of submerged Ireland. One would imagine that a great Irish poet would have eulogised him in a hundred panegyrics. To Mr. Yeats that peasant is a lout and a buffoon. Such a writer is a "peasant" ; another is "only two steps removed from the peasant" : as if most of the great things in life did not come from the peasant and communities founded on a yeoman tradition—Homer and Horace, the Twelve Apostles, Shakespeare, Mozart, Mussolini, Pasteur ; the temples, shrines, the ballads, folklore, folk song,

the craftsmanship in wood and marble and stone and metal that is the glory of Europe ; as if every society which lost contact with the yeoman and the soil, from that loss of contact ceased to have any permanent value—the Anglo-Irish society in Ireland and English culture and society to-day.

Why could not Anglo-Ireland produce a peasant? Not because it was English. England for a thousand years bore great yeomen. Nor because it was Irish. Ireland had always borne great peasants. Why then? It was due to the philosophy of life which inspired Anglo-Ireland, that same philosophy which uprooted the yeoman from the soil of England. Hence the cry of the barren womb, that lampooning of the Irish peasant, which is the note of true Anglo-Irish literature. For it should ever be remembered true Anglo-Irish literature is a product of the nineteenth century. Anglo-Irish literature of the eighteenth century was great, because it had sincerity and depth and truth—because it was English literature, and was not Irish literature at all ; did not treat of Irish subjects nor Irish problems. Burke and Sheridan lived all their life in England, wrote of English types and interpreted English life. Irish literature, Irish types, Irish inspiration were in the caves and bogs in Mr. Corkery's hidden Ireland.

When I ask what type of man was the Irishman I do not go to Sheridan or Sterne, or Steele, or Congreve, who tell me nothing whatever of him, least of all do I go to Lever or Lover or some nineteenth or early twentieth century novelist who lampooned him. I go to the Irishman himself. I wend my way to hidden Ireland of the eighteenth century. There, in that society, herded like cattle in a pen, without any of the instruments of culture of a normal people—a government, a church, schools, an university, a gentry or professional class—I hear peerless melodies, perhaps the greatest ever sung by men. I hear simple naive lyrics—gems fit for the casket of a world anthology—on the eternal themes of love, religion, the motherland. And I do not doubt for a moment had this people the

advantages of a normal people, from them would have come symphonies, operas, string quartets and all the rich trappings of a distinguished culture. Just as I do not doubt to-day that a little people who have immolated themselves and sacrificed everything for the things of the spirit, now that they have survived, will bring forth to-morrow things of the spirit.

The conflict between the Anglo-Irishman and the Irishman, between Anglo-Irish culture and Irish culture was not a conflict of blood, of an Anglo-Irishman with an Irishman, of a country gentleman with a peasant, of a great house with a cottage. It went deeper than a social formation, a racial tradition, or a form of speech. It clave to the marrow. It was a conflict of two interpretations of Life and of Irish life, differing in everything, economics, metaphysics, aesthetics, sociology. Carson is the true representative of Anglo-Irish society in the opening years of the twentieth century.

How comes it, then, that a great Irishman, Mr. Yeats, who has done so much for our national culture should, these later days, speak of the Irish yeoman in the traditional Anglo-Irish accents of contempt. The conflict of Mr. Yeats and the peasant is not the conflict of an Anglo-Irishman and an Irishman. Nor is the conflict between Mr. Yeats and the peasant a conflict between an Irishman who is a poet and an Irishman who is a peasant. As always the conflict touches philosophies and fundamentals. It is a conflict between an eclectic liberal nineteenth century philosophy and the traditional philosophy of Europe symbolised by the Irish peasant.

Mr. Yeats has lived in a transitional age, transitional for Ireland and for the world. In one sense Ireland was little affected by the great world changes. In the three Irish societies—the Irish, the Anglo-Irish, the Scots-Irish—there was still maintained a traditional European ethic and ritual, Christian baptism, marriage, burial. Divorce was almost unknown in the three societies. The family as the unit of life was well preserved. The conflict between the three societies in Ireland kept the

edge of practice and tradition sharpened, and the keen conflict between Ireland and England—and this conflict, of England and Ireland, for four hundred years, we should never forget, was a conflict of rival metaphysics rather than of politics, also maintained traditional ethic and dogma in each society in Ireland.

Ireland owes much to Mr. Yeats but Mr. Yeats owes all to Ireland. We cannot imagine Mr. Yeats finding inspiration for his genius in a mechanised England whose spiritual laureate was Kipling. Nor can we place him in an American culture. We can, however, easily place him in Dublin, and find nothing incongruous between a spiritual lyrist and the background of Wicklow or Mayo. And whether he recognises it or not, it was the Irish peasant who preserved the atmosphere in which his genius developed, in which a rich culture has ever grown or ever will grow, a spiritual and mystic interpretation of life.

Mr. Yeats is symbolic of a great transitional period in Irish culture. He stands in the same relation to our age as Spenser to his time. Spenser in the sixteenth century recalled all that old world of chivalry and romance, turret, tower and castle, vestal virgin and gentle knights, which Spenser the puritan was destined to destroy. Mr. Yeats in our day gave symbolic and poetic form to Irish nationalism, recalled the lost world of Celtic legend, and yet the destruction of all these things was for centuries the aim of the old Adam of the hyphenated Irishman who has survived in him.

Mr. Yeats drew inspiration from four sources. First, and greatest, Irish social and physical environment. Second, through birth and tradition—Anglo-Irish culture. Third, closely allied with the first—a reaction against the drab vulgarity and mechanised life of the nineteenth century. Fourth, an individual philosophy of life which derived from Indian mysticism. And over all the common fund of European thought and tradition. This choice and eclectic diet may suit the tender palate of a poet, but it will scarcely agree with the rough

digestion of a crofter, a Connemara fisherman, a country shopkeeper, a country doctor, a lawyer, a policeman, soldier. Certain it is such an individual philosophy will play havoc with society, and society is composed of just plain peasants and dockers, country shopkeepers and such like. Poets, artists and musicians are born from society and the philosophy which permeates society. Society does not arise from poets, artists and musicians.

The problem before Irish culture and Irish society is this :—

First : Will Irish culture and Irish society develop an organic unity within which there will be freedom for the individual mind and conscience, or will it remain dismembered—something that is neither Irish nor British, of no aesthetic, political or social value?

Second : Will Irish culture develop from the academies, the rhetoricians, the pundits, the eclectic aesthetics of Mr. O Faoláin or will it develop from Mr. Corkery's Irish towns, Irish peasants, village schools, the loam of Ireland? Will Irish music, for example, arise from an academic study of all the complexities and experiments of modern harmony and musical forms, or will it arise from Irish children saturated with our traditional melodies, from village glees, country church choirs, and peasant fiddlers?

I do not know what the answer to this question will be, but I do know that all art and all culture in a primitive society such as ours arose from the people ; from the great yeomen, from folk music and folk lore, from communities and craftsmen in contact with the peasant and the soil.

In this new Ireland which has arisen from the dead, this Ireland so manifestly pulsating with blood and vigour, our national culture must be fostered by a great central university founded on the classical tradition ; a sympathetic enlightened government ; a new intelligentsia and leisured class in harmony with Ireland and Irish sentiment.

JAMES DEVANE

Commentary on the Foregoing

Dr. Devane, like Prof. Tierney, Prof. Corkery and many others who share his inferiority complex with regard to the actuality of the Ireland in which we live—fearing to *see* what is before their eyes to see, wishful to cover it over and gild it over—are misled by one simple act of non-recognition. They will not recognise the court. And the court which will, in time, judge them is Ireland as it is—Ireland as the novelists and dramatists and poets have a dozen times revealed it to them. O'Casey, Yeats, Joyce, O'Flaherty, O'Connor, McNamara, Somerville and Ross, Colum, Synge—not any one alone, but all together, have presented a picture of Ireland to the world. These men and women have no axe to grind. They look at Irish life and they present it, recreated with integrity in its essential truth. Dr. Devane and the rest of the yearners say: "No, Ireland is not like that." They are exactly like the audiences who hissed Synge and attacked O'Casey. They hate the truth because they have not enough personal courage to be what we all are—the descendants, English-speaking, in European dress, affected by European thought, part of the European economy, of the rags and tatters who rose with O'Connell to win under Mick Collins—in a word, this modern Anglo-Ireland.

One myth after another these yearners invent to cover up the fact of Anglo Ireland—to cover up the simple historical fact that we are what history made us. The Gaelic Revival, the new Puritanism, the yarn of the "Hidden" Ireland, the Censorship, the howls about a "National" literature, the mental tariff on Joyce and Yeats, the attempt to prevent the Abbey from playing Synge in America—they are all opiates to drug the seeing eyes; dream-clothes to cover those who cannot just simply be Irishmen, thinking, living, behaving, as free individuals in their own right, on their own feet, in their own time. It is not possible to argue with such people. They live in a fog of fear—utterly confused by their efforts to find a "noble" ancestry. They are simply ashamed of the cabins and the lanes, out of which we all have come.

O'Casey, O'Connor, O'Donnell, O'Flaherty—they are not ashamed of their fathers and mothers. *They* are not ashamed of modern Ireland. *They* do not conceal what is, and was. And therefore they may hope to create something real on the basis of reality. But these others, these professors, doctors, university lecturers, government officials, cabinet ministers . . . Well—never mind! Some day they will make a great comedy for the cabins and the lanes to chuckle over to their hearts' content.

NATIONAL MONETARY POLICY

FIVE years ago His Holiness the Pope in the Encyclical 'Quadragesimo Anno' warned us of the necessity of putting into practice the ideas contained in the Encyclicals if public order were to be maintained. Events in Spain force on our notice the condition to which a nation may come that has not sought a better economic order while there was yet time.

In the Irish Ecclesiastical Record of August Rev. P. Coffey, D.Ph., Professor of Logic and Ethics, Maynooth, in a very able article dealt with the essential defects of the modern credit system. His thesis will certainly provoke the most serious thought. Certain considerations arising out of it have led to the writing of the present article.

It cannot but be admitted that there are essential defects in the modern credit system. His Holiness the Pope declares ('Quađ. Anno,' 105-109) that despotic economic domination has arisen through the control and allotment of credit. We may well therefore sit down to consider the defects of our monetary system. A monetary system is an artificial thing, and it could and should be altered and adapted if it fails to meet human needs. The object of the system should be to make the resources of a nation available to the families that compose it.

Our present monetary system leaves a large number of families unprovided for: many who should be bread-winners are unemployed, and cannot provide for their families by their own work. There is work of urgent national importance waiting to be done, such as the re-housing of those who dwell in slums (the materials for building are within the country), afforestation is required in the Gaeltacht and other suitable places, drainage of bog areas is greatly needed. We have food and services in surplus: we have urgent national work that requires services. Yet our monetary system precludes us from setting these men to work and feeding them and their families with the food that is in surplus. Ireland is not an industrial country, but an agricultural country; our surplus comprises the necessities of life.

English books on economics are written with the conditions of an industrial country always implicit. It is important to observe this for the surplus of an industrial country is in a different category altogether.

Before we can proceed to consider monetary reform we have first to decide—what is the object of the economic organisation of society? Because the answer to this question will rule our consideration of any proposed monetary reform. From passages in the Encyclical 'Quad. Anno' we can conclude that the purpose of the economic organisation of society is to obtain goods sufficient to supply all necessities and reasonable comforts, to obtain them in such a manner and to distribute them in such a way as to be most conducive to the full development of all man's faculties to the praise and glory of his Creator. We have to consider the moral end of economic organisation as well as the material end. So dominating is modern finance that a monetary policy followed for a length of time will alter and mould not only the economic but even the social organisation. With regard to material ends the same Encyclical has this passage ('Quad. Anno' 75): "For then only will the economic and social order be soundly established and attain its ends, when it secures for all and each all those goods which the wealth and resources of nature, technique, and the social organisation of economic affairs can give." It is obvious that we must closely consider the unused natural resources of our country in order that our natural sources of wealth may be developed.

When choice is possible between monetary policies—for more than one monetary policy may be economically possible—it would be a duty to choose a policy that would strengthen family life, rather than one that might tend to individualism. A policy should be chosen that would enable every man, if he desired, to marry and found a family, and to provide for that family by his own work. This would be more in keeping with both human dignity and responsibility—and also with public interest—than to give unemployment assistance, or a species of

dividend, instead of work. Such a policy would necessitate development of the natural resources of the country.

While it is difficult to consider at one time an economic re-organisation as complete as that required by the Papal Encyclicals, yet it is possible, if the correct aim of a national monetary system be kept in mind, to consider what should be done first ; because a reform that is not to be a violent dislocation of our present economic order must proceed from our present monetary system by carefully ordered means. Each step must be part of an ordered development. Care must be taken that nothing be done out of accordance with the ultimate aim, both moral and material, of a national monetary policy.

Before the best method of reforming, or counteracting, the essential defects of the modern credit system can be considered it is of primary importance that we should ask ourselves certain questions. (1) Do we understand the monetary system that we actually have in Ireland? (2) Are we guiding it to the best advantage? (3) What is the most up-to-date monetary policy, with regard to national finance, that is fully accepted and practised by established financial authority in other countries? (4) There are small agricultural countries where conditions in many respects are similar to those prevailing here. Do they differ from us in the handling of their monetary policy? (5) If so, what success has attended their policy?

Since 1931, Saorstat Eireann has had what is known as a Managed Currency : that is a currency that is not equated to gold. English Sterling also is a Managed Currency not equated to gold. Sterling maintains its value through careful regulation by the monetary authorities in England to English price levels, production, employment and external exchange, as best suits the interests of England.

Since the departure from the Gold standard in 1931 there has been a great development in the practical control and use of these Managed Currencies, in national interests, by the monetary authorities of the countries concerned.

This development is fully recognised and practised by established financial authorities. Thus Sir Basil Blackett, Director of the Bank of England, in an article in the monetary supplement to the 'Daily Telegraph' of July 8th, 1935, wrote : "Economic Nationalism holds the field as is natural when a nation realises that the employment of its people takes precedence of every other consideration. It is increasingly recognised that evils such as the slums and the depressed areas, and the decay of agriculture are part of the price we have to pay to-day for over-devotion in the past to external trade and to foreign lending." This passage has full application to conditions in this country. Again, in another part of the same article : "If full use is to be made of the Managed Currency System the authorities concerned must boldly recognise that it is part of their duty and within their power consciously to control the internal purchasing power of the National Currency."

The small agricultural countries of Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Portugal and New Zealand possess full national financial autonomy. They consciously control and direct their Managed Currencies, in the manner described by Sir Basil Blackett, according to their national interests. Does Saorstát Éireann do this? She does not do so. Let us ask ourselves a further question. Do we exercise the National financial autonomy that even Australia, South Africa, Canada and New Zealand exercise? We do not. Yet it cannot seriously be suggested that Irishmen are not as capable of directing their own national finance as those who direct the finance of even these countries.

Alone, among all these countries adhering to Sterling, we allow our Managed Currency by our own act, the Currency Act of 1927, to be pegged to Sterling ; so that our domestic currency policy is subordinate to views of the Bank of England and the British Treasury. We must accept English price level. We are not able to equate our currency and credit to suit our national price level, production, and employment, as all these other countries do. The Currency Act of 1927 obliges us to

maintain the monetary policy that was in accordance with the economic policy of last century—the export of as much agricultural produce as England might happen to require against the import of manufactured goods: the policy of a totally different regime which ignored the fact that it steadily forced the export of men and women also. The English monetary policy is correct for England, for it is in accordance with her economic policy of even import of food and raw material against export of manufactured goods. But it is not correct here; if Ireland intends to develop self-sufficiency, it must be done with a monetary policy that promotes self-sufficiency.

Norway, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark and New Zealand adhere to Sterling; but do not adhere blindly. In 1931, they raised their internal price levels, through the action of the monetary authorities controlling their Managed Currencies and re-adjusted their exchange on Sterling at the new level. Further adjustment has been made later as required. This process brought up prices again in these countries to the level of overhead costs (the rents, mortgages and other debt contracted over a period when prices had formerly been high). The better prices restored by this policy greatly relieved the internal situation, and improved internal trade. The re-adjusted rate of exchange assisted the agricultural exporter (when an exporter of agricultural produce from New Zealand sells his produce in England for £100 Sterling, he receives back in terms of his own currency, New Zealand currency, £124). An agricultural exporter from Denmark receives the equivalent in his own currency. The altered exchange had the further advantage of protecting the domestic manufacturers from foreign imports; and producing a larger internal market for their produce.

It will be seen that the policy that these agricultural countries have successfully followed has not only brought a large measure of economic recovery, but is also the correct monetary policy to promote self-sufficiency and that development of the internal market which is the present Government's policy. This policy

is known as reflation of the volume of credit to re-adjust price level ; it is completely within the accepted financial practice of established monetary authority. Alone among the small agricultural countries adhering to Sterling, Saorstat Eireann has not followed it. Nor is it possible that she should until she exercises national financial autonomy.

The first step then in monetary policy to promote a better economic order is national financial autonomy, i.e., national control of monetary policy within Saorstat Eireann in the interests of Saorstat Eireann. Again, as it is essential that a national monetary policy should be in the interests of the country as a whole, not in the interests of an oligarchy, a Central Bank should not have private shareholders. The modern tendency is to leave the Central Bank free to serve national interests. Thus the recently constituted Reserve Bank of New Zealand is without shareholders, and there is a bill proceeding in Canada to remove the Central Bank of that country from the influence of an oligarchy.

At the present time the monetary authorities in England are expanding currency and credit for armaments. New money is being created, addition to the total volume of credit is being made for a destructive purpose. It would appear to be obvious that if new money can be created for a destructive purpose, new money can at least equally and more reasonably be created for a productive purpose ; such a purpose as, for example, afforestation, housing, and drainage of bog. In course of time currency and credit for these productive purposes would permit of the redemption of the credit advanced.

If the expansion of currency and credit, sufficient to produce a moderate reflation of the volume of credit in this country, were applied to productive works of national importance (this has been the actual policy of Sweden) our unemployment problem would be on the way to being solved. There would be a steady increase of the internal market, both from the increased purchasing power of those now unemployed and from the

increased demand for every sort of retail goods from those whose net incomes were no longer diminished through taxation for unemployment assistance. This increased general purchasing power would in itself cause further employment.

It is not possible, in the space of an article to do more than outline what has been done elsewhere; yet if attention has been directed to what can be done even within accepted established finance, the object of this article will have been attained. We can, at least, follow a course that has proved successful elsewhere, taking care that our monetary policy is always in accordance with our ultimate aim both moral and material for our economic organisation.

B. B. WATERS

THE RIVER

I speak for myself that have pondered
again, again, the nature of things
that have dwelled in the desert and returned—
the trackless way,
whose heart, though lonely, still beats in the mad surge of things
awake, even alone—
for whom the river of mind
serpentine
flows with a jewelled neck
through the starred waste
reared,
sometimes caught up into oneness
 with the bodily flow
smitten through the eyes by the vivid wave
part, myself, of the dream of life
 the dream, therefore, living and real—

And I speak for the desert dwellers—
not those for whom the flesh-warm wind still blows like God
but who dwell in the true desert
without God
without the heart-filling imaginations of the prophets
a vague dream of the senses,
those, for whom, only a ghostly river flows
yet who, aristocratic through knowledge
 endure like a shadow beauty and death,
who all the nothingness know
for whom being itself is an admitted pose—
yet have blessed the smiles of the children
 and bade the roses blow.

Man only in the caul of his imagination lives
the universe concreted by the stream of his feeling-thought
in that self-begotten rhythm comforted alive
in the slime of his thought at home.

The dry bones do not live
dead is the man when the poet does not speak
the dry bones do not live—
where is the solitude in which the deeps conceive
deep out of deep proceeding—

where is the river in the valley of dry bones
which never ceased from flowing?—

in the dark valley through the fields of bones
bones of the horse and the rider
bones of the shepherd and the sheep,
out of the unthroed loin of silence
hear voice of the river flowing
deep unto deep—

‘The fish is not without his slime
nor the word without rhythm,
the dry bones do not live,
the dry bones shall not live.

‘It matters not
who set us mid this dance of plastic circumstance
it matters not that we and it were one
the blind mechanic chance rolls through the vast dark on
and consciousness
as light more light that grows
from faster whirling atoms glows
wakes to percipience
in lines of sharper sense—

‘The river of mind flows on
that in the desert of silence
dies at last.’

LYLE DONAGHY

TWO WAY POEM

We speak of new blood on the moon
though scarcely the blood has dried
or tinted a red in the river
and games and tunes being played,
and hosting at Tuam enchanting the way.

You show me poems.
And O suspect no hidden irony
when most earnestly I say
you do well to praise their fames
who sing to-day

the barley field. Who sing
An Ireland rebuilding tradition

saintly, and witty, and wise,
based on legend on unwritten
Gaeltacht song and sunrise.

And so I greet you, on your way,
But I am the logical rooftop
of the unroofed, ruined tower,
as well as one defeated
in song or out, in power.

And cold you'd find my way
Yet if, in your tougher grain,
because barren of hope as of land
I submerged—would you gain?
Well. Last of the Anglo Irish, here I stand.

CHARLES EWART MILNE

BEAN NÁ FEACA

Grace goes about with her and she
is Ariel-hearted
praise may not stray from her nor peace
be parted.

Slenderness speaks in her and light
arrays her fairly
daintiness dandles her and sight
flits rarely.

Sense is a string she stirs and she
is fleshed of music
she is like seas at midnight sweet
with tuning.

Fragrance goes out from her and time
idles around her
ages of haunting womankind
surround her.

RIOBÁRD Ó FARACHÁIN

BROKEN HARNESS

THE barmaid was rinsing glasses at a sink inside the counter. The water made cool plashy noises, welcome in the hot, heavy air, laden with smell of porter and tobacco. Outside, the sun was blazing white on the dust of the road. Some colts tied to the back of a cart swished their long tails wearily at the flies that settled exasperatingly on their bellies and flanks. Their heads drooped. Sweat ran in dark rivulets down heavy fluid legs coated with dust.

Half the fair was in Mike Duggan's; buyers in breeches and leggings, loud-voiced and hard-faced, quick and foreign sounding beside the men of the place.

I was watching the colts through the open door. Three of them were slow, generously-moulded animals, the common breed of the country, heavy in limb and hind quarters, heavy moreover of head, with loose velvety muzzles. The fourth, a grey filly, had something different, a smaller, more fiercely modelled head, a larger more sensitive curve in the nostril, a hint of steel spring in the arch of the neck, finer, daintier fetlocks. The fiddler must have been looking at her too.

"There'd be a bit of breeding in that one," he said.

He was a tall, thin man, with long legs that would cover a road quickly. About fifty by the look of him; though old people in the place would tell you he was sixty if he was a day. But you wouldn't think it to look at him. There was a deal of grey in his sandy beard; but then, many a home-keeping man would be grey at thirty. And no homekeeping man would have an eye as quick or as clear. You'd say there was something foreign about him, blood in him somewhere that wasn't common. But people say things like that to account for strangeness in a man.

"The heat is playing on them," he said, "and the flies; the flies are devils, mean black plaguing devils. You can't get rid of them in a heat like this." He took a long swallow at his pint, put it back on the counter. "And they're lovely animals to see out on the marsh, when they'd get to playing and go mad galloping and leaping the banks. Them four were down by the Maine, belonging to Sandy Dillon. Many the hour I spent watching them, seeing them easy and free. Especially the grey. God, she was lovely, like a girl, and proud she was, too, in the toss of her head and the swing of her tail. You can't see her to rights now with the heat playing on her."

His voice was mournful. He wouldn't join me in another, so my drink came alone.

"They'll be doing the same thing to the end of time," he said, "to *secula seculorum*."

"What?" I asked.

"Taming fine things and making them mean. They have to be mean to be fit for man's use. Look at them animals now. In a month or two they'll know the knife and the smoking iron, the bit in their mouths and the leather of the straddle. Maybe at best the grey will be bought for a hunter and make pride for a fine lady. But the spirit will be broke in them. They'll never fly in the marsh again with their tails and manes like they were part of the wind. It is the same with everything. You're young, but you'll find it out. People make it their business to put the tackling on you, to take the wildness out of your heart and the spring out of your mind. And if people don't do it and you young, life will do it and years and the roads of the world."

I was wondering what strange fortune had put such thoughts into a man's mind. It was easy to see that it wasn't merely a preoccupation of the moment. To draw him out I said:

"They didn't have any great success with you."

"It wasn't for want of trying then," he said. "But then, life is a queer contradictory thing at best, and 'twould be a wise man would know the rights of his own doings. You'd know that looking at flowers and things that have no trouble in choosing, only to grow up and be what God meant them to be. But a man is dark to God's meaning." There was a long pause. The thought in his mind threw shadows across his face. After a while he began again slowly, speaking his thoughts aloud rather than to me as an audience.

"There were three of us in it," he said, "Simon, the eldest, and Ellen and myself. A mountainy farm we had that'd break the heart in a saint keeping the furze off it and the rushes, and the next spadeful taking you down to the black bog. An unwelcome sort of place. 'Twas my father himself that made the farm, and he had put his heart and soul and the kindliness of him into them acres; so there was little left on the outside but a hard, sour man that wouldn't take let or hindrance from anyone. It left its mark on my mother too, the making of that farm, left her quiet like and without any spirit in herself. Of course the farm was meant for Simon. He'd take a wife into the home and the bit he'd get with her would go to Ellen's fortune. All that was settled. But when they came to me, nothing would do my mother but that I'd be a priest. And sure I was only a wild bit of a lad without a thought in my head

and it all a long way off. Or maybe at the time of a mission I'd be thinking what a grand thing it would be to be up there giving out to all the people. Well, from the day it got into her head I don't think my mother prayed for anything else, and my father took great pride in it, too.

When the time came they both went to Master O'Halloran, who had the school in our place, and had a great name entirely for the learning. The parish was proud of him, too, for all that he mightn't be able to come near the school for a week at a stretch with the whiskey. They wanted him to teach me the Latin, that wasn't taught in the school. They told him they were going to make a priest of me, and all he said to that was : ' That boy can be anything he has a mind to.' And them same words were carried to the ends of the parish and to the priest himself. But nobody knew the deep meaning he had in them.

Then for the space of a year I'd be going to his house in the evenings learning the grammar and doing bits out of Julius Caesar and Virgil. But if the Master had any drop taken, nothing would do him but a book of poetry about wine and the beauties of women, by a man called Horace. He'd give out by the yard without even an eye on the book, and he'd turn to me and he's say : " When you're older, boy—when you're older, I'll initiate you into the inner mysteries." He'd always say that. But on odd times he'd translate a bit for you. God rest his soul for he is dead many a year. Aye, then, many a year, and there are mean, hard men in his place. He was one that life never tamed to the full. Sometimes you'd hear the old ones in the parish going around and telling one another that the Master was straight, and 'twouldn't be two days till he'd be going about with a ring of ivy on the bald head of him and his face shining like the sun, and the Latin flowing from him. Silenus he'd say he was, and not O'Halloran at all, nor the Master. And the old ones would be making novenas till he'd get over it.

" Anyway, when I was the age and had enough of the Latin, they sent me to the College, with a black suit and a trunk full of clothes. And sure I set out without a thought in my head and the feeling that I was going to make a great way for myself in the world. Full of myself I was, having a name for the brains at the school. But then the fun began ; like what'll happen to them colts there when they come to be broken. There were hundreds there, lads of my own age about. But most of them were called to it. They had the vocations that made them take kindly to a lot I couldn't stand. Don't be thinking they were cruel or anything. There were times when Master

O'Halloran would leather the life out of you. But 'twasn't the same thing. In the college you'd have the bit in the mouth all the time, and a rein on you all the hours of the day. Ther 'd be times when you'd think it a sin to laugh. 'Twas the same with all of them; they all had to be broken to the harness. There was the head man there that used put the terror of God into me. He'd talk to you like he was reading out of a book, and his lips hardly moving. And he'd have a cold eye on you all the time; so you'd feel like he was only judging your paces and seeing the wildness and the rebellion inside you all the time.

"The holidays came after long waiting for them, and I had a great heart in me for the road home. My father and Simon were down to the station with the gig, and they all dressed up. 'Twas a near thing my own father didn't raise his hat to me that day. And we driving home 'twas, "What do you think of this?" and "What do you think of that!" from my father, as if I'd been years out in the world gathering wisdom instead of tied to a book of logic for a space of months. And 'twas the same when we got home. Ellen and the mother were dressed like the day of a pattern, and the best ware was out that only saw the light the day of a stations. 'Twasn't the same place at all, with my own mother looking at me as if I was something that came down from the skies. I was ashamed, I tell you. I wanted to say something that'd make them see the truth of it; but I couldn't. They were so sure and certain. And it got worse instead of better. There'd be a white cloth on the table for my breakfast and t'would be: "How would you like your eggs done, Martin?" or "Is the tea drawn to your liking?" and the shame growing on me. If I tried going out in an old suit of clothes that'd give me more freedom, I'd be made change into the black. 'Twas "Don't go here and don't go there, and them people aren't fit company for you." And my mother would put a book of devotion into my hand if I looked as if I'd nothing to do. "Take it up," she'd say, "to the wood where no one will disturb you." And I'd take the book and put it under a sod when I'd be out of sight of the house. I'd go up into the glens by myself and the oftener I was up there the surer I was that I was right and they were wrong, and that God, Who made the thrush and the blackbird, the hare and the hawk, didn't ask men to be crabbed and sour and shut up in themselves. God knows I used to think they'd have a spite for the birds if they knew how I'd listen to them. And when I'd be up there, all the things that would be weighing on me wouldn't matter a curse; even my own doings.

Unbeknownst to them I'd go an odd time to see the Master, and he wasn't changed. I don't think he changed to the edge of the grave. He was always kindly to me and he was a grand man surely, for all that he'd take a drop too much now and again. And they expected me to turn against him for that.

It was that time I took to the fiddle. There was one in the house, an uncle on the mother's side that left it and he going to America. I'd take it up to my room and after a while I was able to make out a bit of a jig or a reel. I don't think they liked that either, or maybe 'tis how they thought I should be playing hymns.

'Twas hard and bitter being at home that time, but I couldn't abide the thought of going back. Then they began to find things out. They found out I wasn't in the chapel when I said I was, and I was seen more than once leaving the Master's and he the worse for the drop. That didn't make it easier. I knew I wouldn't go back to that place. 'Twould give me a sick feeling inside even to think of it. Maybe 'twas how I gave in easily. Of course they said things after, things without a word of truth in them. But it wasn't a woman, for at that time there wasn't as much between me and them as would harm a saint. Anyway, the end of it was that one night I put on an old suit of clothes, took the fiddle and the few shillings I had, and started off on the roads of the world. I left a letter behind me giving my way of looking at it, but I know now that wasn't any use. Maybe you think I should have gone before them and told them to their face. But I knew what would happen if I did that. My father would be mad and my mother would sit for days crying her eyes out, and Simon and Ellen would have sullen mouths at me for bringing disgrace on the family. And if they went looking for reasons, I wouldn't be able to give one they'd care a thraneen for. The priest would say it was the devil trying my vocation and 'twould end up by my going back to the college. Its queer how people do be blaming the devil for all the wild things that's inside a man's self, and trying to beat them out on that score. I knew I'd be doing the same thing sooner or later, and 'twas better before more money would be lost and I'd be deeper in it."

Looking at the man of sixty I was trying to imagine the hasty rebellion of that far away summer, the boy, quick and resentful, impatient of the bit, impatient of the load, leaving home with a fiddle and a few shillings. I could sense, too, that the story had grown mellow in his keeping for well nigh forty years. We called for a further two pints and when they came he went on :

"Every summer I'd be on the roads. There was money in a fiddle in them days, playing at a wedding or a fair or a pattern. There'd be a time of plenty at the harvest and welcome everywhere and nothing to stay you from the road if the mind took you to move from one place to another. In the winter I'd stay in the town and get work there, inside a counter maybe, for the bit of learning I had stood to me. I often had a steady job for the winter months. But when 'twould come a while past Shrove and the leaves beginning to show on the trees and the sun turning warmhearted, I couldn't stay where there'd be houses and shops and people tangled together in a hurried life with no comfort in it. And anyway 'tis mean work for a man, giving all his mind to pounds and ounces and the piling of one penny on another. And one day maybe I'd be going through a back lane and I'd hear a bit of a set tune from a melodeon that'd put me in mind of the south and the glens and the cross roads and quiet people with the life of them caught between two hills. And after that 'twould be hard to hold me till I'd be off out of the city with its hard faces and clever faces and the clatter of it.

And sure, instead of the priest of a parish, laying down the law for the people, I'm only a wandering fiddler, with the little learning I had drifted out of my mind and not knowing what the next day is going to bring. My father and mother are under the sod this many a year, God rest their souls, but Simon is in the farm still, with grown up children of his own.

"Have you gone back there since?" I asked.

"No, then," he said, "for why would I go back when to their minds I'm no more than a disgrace. And if I went they'd be only trying to hide me from the people. Though, indeed, I've been nigh enough to it in my travels. I suppose they're saying I'm a sorry man now for my foolishness. But if I'm sorry for anything it is not for that."

"Do you know?" he said slowly, "I'd give the two eyes out of my head to be back in one hour of my life. An American wake it was at a place not far from Caherciveen. I remember a dark girl standing in the middle of the floor, a dark and lovely girl with the light on her making her skin like gold. She was standing there and the people round her and a glass of red wine in her hand. It was she was going over the sea on the following morning and she was smiling there with her head held high and the heart like grey lead in me watching the bravery of her.

She had the name for making free with the boys, no more than fooling; but she'd have three or four on a string at the time, and

I one of them myself. I was the fiddler there that night, and I didn't think anything when she came up to me asking me to come down in the room for a bit to eat. I gave the fiddle to a young fellow that knew enough to play for a set, and went with her. Ten men if there was one asked her to dance and we making our way through the crowd, but she only shook her head and smiled. There was something queer in that smile, queer and knowledgeable. We were going past the kitchen door when she stopped. "'Tis hot in the house," she said, and out with her and me after her. There was an elder tree at the corner of the haggard, and the remains of a rick. We went behind that. The moon was at the full. 'Twas quiet out there, after the crowd in the house, and she there looking up at me out of her white face. God only knows the mad things that went through me in that moment. I was knowing something I didn't know before, but I was wiser at knowing her than knowing myself.

"Mary," I said, "when you've gone from this place, I'll go too, for it will be grey and empty after you."

And she laughed, a bitter sort of laugh.

"What's coming over you to be so soft?" she said.

"You, Mary Costello," I said, "that's made it so that any place won't be the same after you."

God forgive me, but I didn't know the truth of my own words when I said them.

"You'll go your way," she said then, "and one day you'll meet a girl that'll put all thought of the roads out of your head and you'll settle down and be like other men."

"Is it me settle down?" I said, and I meant it, for I was young then and the young never think beyond the day. "No, Mary Costello," I said. "And anyway, what girl in her senses would have me with no more than the clothes on my back."

"'Tisn't every woman would be looking for riches or comfort even, if she had a man her mind would be set on. You can't be wise about them things. But a woman would find hard things easy, and bitter things sweet and rough things smooth, if her heart was given to a man."

God, she was only a girl when she said that to me, and I thinking only that 'twould be hard for a while after she went and then I'd be on the roads again and my own man.

Someone came to the door of the house and called for her. We kept still. The rick was between us and the house. Whoever it was went in.

"Martin," she said, and she sounded in a hurry, "there's one thing would make me change my mind and not go at all."

"You wouldn't be such a fool," I said. There was a great terror and a great joy in me at what she was driving at. But the fear was uppermost.

"You could make me stay," she said, "if you wanted me enough. Even a promise, no matter how far off, and I'd go back in there and tell them I was after changing my mind."

He paused for a long time before he went on.

"And I told her not to be a fool," he said, "not to think of giving her heart to a man that hadn't a penny to his name or any hope of it. I meant it, God knows I meant it, for I couldn't see her the worse off for me. But the thing I couldn't see was that I might try to settle myself. I couldn't see that.

"You'll settle down all right one day," she said then. "'Twas my misfortune to meet with you in the wrong season."

She made as if to go back to the house. Her face wasn't brave any more. I wanted to hold her there, to tell her things, to let go all I wanted to say. But I thought it wouldn't be right with the way I was leaving her. But she stopped before we left the shadow of the rick.

"Kiss me, Martin," she said, and I kissed her. "Wherever I am," she said, "I'll remember that kiss to my dying day. And maybe if you're of a different mind some day, you'll find out where I am." With that she turned and walked into the house and when I came in, there she was laughing and talking so you'd hardly think it was the same girl at all.

She went the next day.

I'd give the two eyes out of my head to be back in that hour of my life. I thought 'twould pass with time. But though many a woman after was kind to me, it didn't put the thought of Mary Costello out of my head. And I'd think, 'in another while now, I'll go back to the place of her people and I'll find out where she is, and I'll go there after her.' Yet here I am and since that night I never heard trace or tidings of her."

Outside the sunlight was softer and more golden. The men of the place were leaving for the road home. The tinkers were arguing with a buyer over a luck penny. The Fiddler finished what was left in the glass.

"I'll be going," he said, "I had word to play at a dance four miles from this place. I know a man that will give me a lift and there will be a bite to eat if I get there before the crowd gathers."

He tucked the fiddle inside the breast of his coat and went out into the street.

EDWARD SHEEHY

ART

POOR WINE, BUT A LOVELY BOTTLE

The building in which Dublin's Municipal Art Collection is now housed at Parnell Square can hardly be surpassed by any modern gallery, except in size. The reconstruction of Charlemont House was carried out with admirable ingenuity, and the beauty and dignity of the interior, achieved without losing sight of the primary function of a picture gallery, are a surprise to anyone familiar with the old building. It is interesting, if irrelevant, to remark that the noble curved front of dressed stone, which has been retained, proved to be a noble fake, the stones being merely thin slabs keyed into less pretentious material. So that the jerry-builder did not come to Dublin to-day or yesterday. One finishing touch is needed, and that is to incorporate the Rotunda Gardens in the design. As long as one can remember there have been recurrent agitations about Parnell Square which remains an eyesore and a derelict wilderness in that part of the city most in need of air-spaces and pleasure-parks. Mysterious obstacles prevented its acquisition by the citizens. It was hinted, for example, that a public park would be a nuisance in the vicinity of a maternity hospital, but a circus or a fancy-fair apparently was not. At present a building scheme (quite noiseless) is in progress, and half the square is taken up by what seems to be an addition to the hospital. About half the space is still available, and would still make a beautiful park and might even take an overflow of statuary from the gallery should the joyful necessity ever arise.

Many of the pictures in the Gallery have suffered by removal from the merciful twilight of the old house in Harcourt Street; in fact, the pitiless lighting of its new quarters reveals the collection on the whole as an inferior one. Dubliners are accustomed to pride themselves on their Municipal Art Gallery and undoubtedly thirty years ago the collection, though small, was almost unique. It has long surrendered that distinction, and the vision we once cherished of eager students flocking from all over the world to see our pictures is hardly likely to be realised. There are much better, fuller and more representative collections everywhere. One man alone, even such an enthusiast as Sir Hugh Lane, cannot make a Gallery. A little co-operation from either State or Local Authority is also required, particularly in such a country as ours, which has a fortunate minimum of millionaires.

The present Gallery was completed at a cost of about £30,000, to tell the world that Dublin was at last determined to carry out the wish of Sir Hugh Lane, and to shame the English Government into carrying out the desire expressed in the famous unsigned codicil to his will, that Dublin should have the forty pictures of the "Conditional Gift." No power on earth, however, short of a bombardment, could prise these pictures away from the Tate Gallery in London, and Britain's sensitiveness was overrated. The money spent by the Free State Government when Dr. Bodkin was commissioned to state

Ireland's claim to these pictures was money thrown away. The purchase of a single work of art would have been a more reliable and less hypocritical contribution to the dispute.

The loss of the pictures reduced the value of the whole collection very considerably and in the new building the large end room was set aside as a permanent protest against their absence. It was to be (and for a time was) kept empty as a silent reproach to the trippers from Lancashire who descend on us every year, and probably constitute the main body of the Gallery's visitors. It was perhaps also intended to be the Wailing Wall of art-lovers in Dublin, and no doubt our Lord Mayor and his Aldermen might often have been surprised there indulging in a quiet sob. All these protestations would have carried more weight if the Corporation had shown the slightest inclination in the last twenty-five years to add to the splendid nucleus gathered by Lane or to replace the lost examples by others. As a result of their indifference the collection has steadily deteriorated. Apart from works "presented by the artist"—and no reputable artist is now eager to be represented there—it has been at the mercy of a body of public-spirited sympathisers called the Friends of the National Collection. It is ungracious to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but plainly the Friends either have a very limited purse or their judgment is not above suspicion. Recent acquisitions from this source (such as *Jardin à la Française*, by Bernard Harrison) seem to have none of the qualities generally associated with a work of art, and to be defensible only so illustrations of some obscure philosophy of aesthetics.

A criticism of the Gallery which has lately come to the surface is to the effect that Lane intended it to remain modern, and that works which had ceased to be modern should be removed to make way for others. The National Gallery has been mentioned as the happy destination of the rejected works. It should be remembered that Lane included in the original collection examples by Constable (almost exactly a century dead), Jongkind and Ingres, and practically nothing later than Renoir or Manet. Like George Moore, he had a warm and very understandable feeling for French art of the nineteenth century, but he stopped short of Gauguin, Van Gogh and their contemporaries although he must have been familiar with their works which were easily procurable in his lifetime. It is clear that the term "modern art" had not a chronological significance for Lane, but meant merely art freed from the debased formalism of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. If he ever expressed the idea now attributed to him, he must have had in mind future generations of artists in the main stream of tradition such as Albert Le Bourg in France, or Stanley Spencer in England, neither of whom, of course, is represented.

In any case these speculations are quite pointless since the Gallery is in the ludicrous position of having no funds and apparently the Corporation proposes to be represented in the art market only as a mendicant. An annual rate of a farthing in the pound would provide enough to keep the collection worthy of

its fine home, and restore it in time to the proud position in which it was left by the founder. Is there no Councillor or Alderman willing to endanger his political career by sponsoring such an expenditure?

JOHN DOWLING

HARRY KERNOFF R.H.A.

The exhibition of Mr. Harry Kernoff's work which will open at Waddington's in South Anne Street on October 12th, discovers a mellower Kernoff than we knew. A certain harshness, if not crudeness which marred his earlier work is no longer in evidence, and has left only a trace of grimness here and there, which is by no means out of harmony with a type of subject favoured by the artist. Kernoff is not only a Dubliner, but he is a convinced "towny." Shapes are what interest him, such as the mass of a building against the sky or a pattern of roofs and chimney pots, and his feeling for the city with its jumble of houses and shops and quays, its bridges and ships and machinery, is emphasised by a difference between his handling of these subjects and his more pastoral themes. Even when Mr. Kernoff only gets as far as the suburbs he softens, while Mr. Kernoff in the mountains is an entirely different person, though he still takes with him his insistence on the importance of shapes.

Some years ago this artist used to exhibit works which occasioned a good deal of discussion. They were often too large to be overlooked, and belonged to that class of painting which leads friends to say: without much conviction: "What he means is this——" A feature obviously common to these compositions was that they were all experiments in design and by disregarding the subject matter, which was often trivial and indeed irrelevant, one could follow the pattern of spirals, whorls and curves which were the artist's real object. Not a single example of this abstract manner is now exhibited; all the pictures are purely representational, but a certain justification for those earlier experiments may be found in the firm sense of design which is notable in all his work.

Not so long ago Mr. Kernoff's passion for design and pattern led him into excesses. and, apparently to avoid distraction from what he conceived to be the principal aim of the artist, he subordinated natural forms to his compositions. Those amorphous figures which for a while dotted his landscapes could only thus be explained. They are now missing, or have grown flesh and bones, and in the pictures he now shows recognisable citizens hurry across a street, the unemployed lean dejectedly against a wall, boys swim and splash in the sunny river at Dartry, and little girls dabble their toes in the canal at Portobello, all captured swiftly in their most characteristic attitudes.

JOHN DOWLING

MUSIC

THE CELEBRITY CONCERT

The first of the season's Celebrity Concerts in Dublin was a vocal recital by John McCormack, assisted by William Primrose (viola). Count McCormack's technique is as fine a thing as ever. I do wish his imitators would really listen to him and realize that it is not his voice solely that has made him, but the years spent in drudgery acquiring the necessary technique to use it. His programme was very diversified—too much so; there is no singer born that can sing every kind of song. For instance, as an encore he sang "Plaisir d'amour"—a song needing the voice of a philosopher, resonant, thoughtful and grave. This latter is not a quality of Mr. McCormack's voice, and so the song was not realized at its intensity. (The only questionable intonation I heard from the singer was in the last few bars of this number.) Brahms's arrangement of "In stille Nacht" suffered from this queer unfitness. The best numbers in the opening section were "Little Star so bright" by Moussorgsky, and "To the Children" by Rachmaninoff, though in the middle section of the latter one was conscious of strain and loss of quality in higher register passages. In fact the singer's higher register from F up was completely divorced in quality from the middle register, for instance in the full voiced singing of the high F sharps in "Who is Sylvia?"

The best Irish numbers were "The Short Cut to the Rosses"—a delight—and "Fainne Geal an Lae," although the raising of its last note by an octave was a deplorable error in taste. The same should be said about the parlando effect in the last few bars of "The Irish Emigrant."

I heard Mr. Primrose play a Bourée of Bach's—old Johann would, I think, have been somewhat disturbed, as I was, by rubato in the minor section—and an Adagio and very lovely Allegro by Boccherini. Mr. Primrose has an excellent technique—although his vibrato sometimes affects the intonation of high position work: but the pleasure of hearing such viola playing is a rare one and the delicate finish of the Allegro amply compensated for a few small flaws. As no man with music in his soul should be expected to sit out Mr. Primrose's last three numbers—Debussy's spineless "La plus que lente," the Schubert-Wilhelmj Ave Maria (with its tin pot arpeggios and that awful double-stopped section which is a horror when it does not come off and an affront when it does) and a Caprice of Paganini's; and as Mr. McCormack's last group included two songs that I have put down in my mind among the abominations—I departed without hearing the last groups. Finally, all praise to that discreet musician, the accompanist, Mr. Percy Kahn.

I notice that no orchestra is being featured in this concert series—because, I suppose, Dublin is still in the Stone Age musically speaking. We may expect impressarios to gamble, but it would be inhuman to expect them throw money away. The loss is ours, but for all the smaller mercies we are duly thankful.

THEATRE

PLAYBOY OR PROFESSOR ?

Having seen some seven or eight shows since last issue, I have been struck chiefly by the uncertain quality of the acting all round. It is clear that too many actors lack a real professional spirit which would lead them to do consistently good work (of which only "cussedness" renders them incapable). Instead they "walk through" parts that, it seems, neither suit nor please them. In short, acting for them is not an honourable profession, no matter what public opinion nor their own self-esteem may tell them, but merely playacting. Noting simply that such an attitude renders a producer helpless, I leave it to the interested to select the guilty ones.

Dublin is nowadays offered three types of acting, theatrical, naturalistic and just Acting. I must say I prefer the last. The first is genuinely of the theatre (audience-conscious), but mechanical, a mere rule-of-thumb rendering of old parts, a made-to-measure putting on of new. This is mainly due to type-casting, a producer's fault; one merit of Mr. Hunt's policy at the Abbey has been his successful deviations from the orthodox, resulting in revelations of real versatility. Versatility has also been the keynote of the principals at the Gate, but only two survivors carry on the old tradition. Mannerisms and mechanical methods have spoiled the rest. Some indeed have such a large stock of tricks that their real versatility lies in the different variations of these they can produce rather than in real character creation. The second "style" is really "being yourself"—one just lounges round the stage, lights cigarettes with equal grace and speaks through them or through powder puffs as occasion dictates in a manner clearly indicating the real existence of the "fourth wall" outside which in the outer darkness the audience gnashes its teeth and strains eyes and ears in vain.

Hilton Edwards gave two perfect studies of downright acting (Class 3) as Henry the Eighth, the "*Master of the Revels*," and as Gustav Bergmann in "*Close Quarters*." "*Master of the Revels*" was a full-blooded lusty piece of work—trite sometimes and just holding together in places—but Edwards, ably assisted by Coralie Carmichael as Katherine of Arragon and Meriel Moore as Anne Boleyn, Alleyn as Cromwell and especially by Robert Hennessy as Cardinal Wolsey (a fine, deeply sincere, rendering this) drove the play along with marvellous energy and gusto. The last scene especially was a fine sensitive piece of work on the part of all concerned and a revelation of the finished ensemble work of which the Gate is capable. The only weak thing was the setting and here one must make allowance for the present position of this company—which, one hopes, will become brighter in the future, as it deserves. The Gate was the first theatre in Dublin to show what a *regisseur* production could achieve in unified style and harmonious interplay of actors, setting, lighting and incidental detail, nor has it yet lost its distinctive style. One could wish it devoted to better plays at times. Lennox Robinson's "*When Lovely Woman—*" was notable for three things only—settings of charm, suiting the play perfectly in atmosphere and equally suitable "acting," both by Michael MacLiammoir.

You see, he had merely to be himself—the play was as bad as that. This is surely the cheapest, flashiest show that this dramatist has boiled a pot with—and the Gate really should not have permitted itself to be cook and kitchen. Coralie Carmichael's Lady Tweedsmuir, however, nearly compensated me for the poorness of the play—and it took some acting to do that. It was a perfect characterisation and human above all in the midst of subhumanity. Alleyn's Hotel porter was a little gem of characterisation too—this actor is a real asset to the group.

Finally, we had "*Close Quarters*." Here Coralie Carmichael once again acted, with a mastery and perfect sense of style, of timing, of response to her partner that singles her out as one of Dublin's leading actresses. The same applies to Hilton Edwards' powerful character study—who shall forget him dancing with a cushion for Countess-partner, his telephone conversations, the finale of the play—when both stood motionless for agonizing minutes while the wireless set nasalised on weather forecasts and an intelligent audience helped by tittering at appropriate times—and, a producer-touch, the glove appearing through the letterbox at the very end. All the old Gate wizardry appeared in settings, acting and mood-creating lighting, the last especially. Micheal MacLiammoir is to be congratulated on his handling of this play.

Having said so much I must conclude on a note of query. Remembering past shows which revealed a real lack of sensitiveness, of deep feeling, of spirituality, how was it that these three shows were so satisfyingly staged, produced and acted, with a sense of perfect fitness all through? Can it be that the Gate mentality is at home only in such plays as these—showing lack of regard for anything beyond or above humanity, all based on "eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die" philosophy? The test will be their next production—Gheon's "*The Marvellous History of St. Bernard*." Perhaps, after all, the Gate is merely "being itself."

Only two shows at the Abbey call for detailed comment—both produced by Mr. Hunt. To clear the road I shall dispose of others as summarily as possible—"Professor Tim" was made enjoyable by a fine full-blooded performance as Professor Tim by P. J. Carolan, a perfect piece of work by M. J. Dolan as John Scally, absolutely alive yet properly in tune with May Craig's fine rendering of Mrs. Scally, and equally good work by Fred Johnson as Paddy Kinney. The rest were rather stiff, Jill Noone's Peggy being very poor both in voice and also in team-response, while Maureen Delaney was her usual gallery-idol self. "*The Glittering Gate*" is a mere *jeu-d'esprit*, an opportunity for stage effect and mood. A very fleshly Carolan as Jim and a rather stiff Cusack as Bill spoiled it, neither being helped by bad timing and lack of movement, Carolan especially being tedious in his long monologues. The setting was rather meagre (the Abbey stage-limitations again!) and getting into Heaven seemed to be simply a question of safe cracking, but the starry sky was a triumph for the Moisewitschian effects-machine, and the play's justification.

A revival of "*The Playboy of the Western World*" allows further discussion of a very successful production. Outstanding again was Cyril Cusack as the Playboy, and I was pleased to note that he had conscientiously improved on his previous success. M. J. Dolan's Shawn Keogh was superb, showing what he *can* do when a part suits him. Fred Johnson as Philly Cullen and U. Burke as Jimmy Farrell gave two fine character studies, conveying a delightful grotesquerie that fitted the play perfectly. Eric Gorman as the publican was good in the first act, but rather weak later on, while P. J. Carolan was just P. J. Carolan as old Mahon. Maureen Delaney as the Widow Quinn was her usual bright self, seeing to it that the gallery got its money's worth of voice, but Synge must have revolved rapidly in his grave. The contrast with her previous performance was shocking—all the old tricks, but no acting. Ann Clery's Pegeen was peculiarly mixed in quality—she is the type but not the character—she never sank into the play. There is a latent streak of softness in Pegeen that Christy unknowingly touches—Ann Clery never showed it. Hence the mutual failure of the love scene—neither Cusack nor Miss Clery struck the right note. Hence also the failure of the last line of the play—it was out of *her* character, however it fitted Pegeen. A pity, as she was very near perfection, at times. The production itself was alive, with just the right approach, but left many loose ends—the girls, the handling of the crowds, especially the publican in the last act which was also very ragged in effect, a mere succession of climaxes. The first act was undoubtedly the best and both setting and production, apparently, were worked out to suit this mainly, the other two acts being adjusted in treatment to suit. The setting, especially in the placing of furniture, was weak, though good in detail, being both scattered and cluttered, and failing to support action and groupings as it should.

The second production of note and the Abbey show of the month was "*A Summer's Day*" by Maura Molloy. This is a lovely play, intensely moving, delicate, allusive, yet clearcut in the Georgian manner, the dialogue helping greatly in this both in reference and idiom. The character drawing is very good and though none of the actors got the most out of their parts, the play carried itself along to fine curtains in each act.

Moya Devlin as Sarah Curran showed still unfulfilled promise—it is a real tribute to her personality to say that in spite of clumsy movement, bad carriage, awkward poise of head and arms, almost complete lack of expression at times coupled with a voice equally expressionless, in tone if not in modulation, she yet conveyed a life if not *the* life one wished for. I am afraid it was simply a display of Sarah Curran as Miss Devlin, yet at times she nearly suffered a seachange. Teamwork from May Craig and Ria Mooney was mainly responsible for such effects as she got, especially the marvellous final curtain and the scene where the lovers await Emilia's decision. Denis Carey's Emmet was lifeless, stagey, with no real inner fire such as the play demanded. Cusack was good with a rather slight part, but lacking in the necessary polish. Dolan's rendering of his part was a caricature—at times he did not even bother to speak properly ;

(continued on page 60)

FILMS

THE DILEMMA OF DOCUMENTARY

In that period of Cinema when there was a decided swing over from the novelty of trapped actuality to the constructive viewpoint of aesthetic film, a bridge was found between the two points of view in the documentary film. While Germany was disgorging "Caligari" and "Vaudeville" and America was circling the world with her Griffiths, Kings and Ingrams, in Alaska Robert Flaherty was recording and illuminating Eskimo life, while in Persia Cooper and Schoedsack were trailing the Bakytari tribes in their migrations to the grassy lands. "Flaherty's "Nanooka" and Schoedsack and Cooper's "Grass" may be taken as representing the parents of the documentary film—the middle position in cinema. To-day the three branches of cinema remain—actuality unadorned, in the newsreels; documentary; constructive, aesthetic unreality.

Nowadays the documentary film has achieved a prestige it never held before and this is due mainly to the low standards prevailing in the other branches of cinema; due to the inferior unaesthetic shoddy stuff of the studios, which are completely cut off from the humanities, life and reality.

While not disputing the great importance of documentary or in any way attempting to lessen its value, I do think that it is a medium of expression which has a great many handicaps which prove too great for many of those now engaged in its development. Much of what passes for documentary to-day is the sheerest hocus pocus and serves to emphasise the poverty of true cinematic feeling in those who work through the medium of film.

The first element in art is that of control of the medium through which one expresses one's feelings for the thing to be made. The material for documentary comes from life, and in the dual process of recording and selection the documentor is harassed by the incessant urge of the flow of reality. If he is to be a successful artist this most difficult medium calls for strong intuitive feeling for events, very special sympathies between himself and the world in which he lives and at the present day these are qualities possessed by very few artists, so that it seems that the great documentary film will be a rare thing indeed.

Consequently what one finds is that technique instead of springing from the feeling for the thing—from the nature of the subject—overlays the subject to the point of obscuring it. In the little artist the urgent technique of subjects handled by the great one is poured treacle-like over the unchoate concoction. Angles for angles sake, filtered skies, perambulating panorams, rhythms that mean nothing are the order of the day.

The failure to relate the individual shot, to the film as a whole is the most conspicuous failing of documentary. When Flaherty roams an island for several years shooting all over the place and then sets down to make his film, we get "Man of Aran." When a G.P.O. man runs through his files of recorded actuality and selects his records what he gains one way he loses in another,

and we get the "Voice of Broadcasting." What must be realized is that the initial purpose can fade from a film shot and that the film shot is then a dead thing. The shot must be taken with a sense of its purpose in the completed film. And no theory of referential cross-cutting can get the film artist away from the validity of this statement. And when the documentor after dangling an arbitrary series of 'pretties' before our eyes calls in the services of radio-drama, we must sit up in our seats and say: "This is still not cinema."

Documentary film then is not to be allowed carte-blanche. In a sentimental world chaos reigns and the chaos springs from the sentiment. Documentary has its purpose and laws springing from that purpose. In the words of Grierson, "It must be built up to do something more than describe. It must reveal." And the urge of revelation lies with the individual artist. The power to reveal with the great one.

LIAM O LAOGHAIRE

THE DAWN

Production: HIBERNIA FILMS. *Direction*: THOMAS COOPER.

The appearance of an obscure group of Kerry people into the realms of Cinema was bound to be anticipated on the one hand by a disbelieving and cynical shrug of the shoulders, and on the other by a preparation for a blind acceptance of their first effort as being the last thing in Cinema—the standard for a national art of the screen. Let me confess that in spite of efforts to keep my mind above desire and loathing, I felt that a monstrous crudity was to be foisted on this long-suffering nation. And then I saw the film.

Now let me say at once that it is a bad film. That its standards are commercial in all that word conveys in contemporary Cinema. Its structure reflects the acceptance of the commercial cliché which is not good enough when one considers that the film will certainly be hailed as a national achievement. The Irish Film will have to be a revolutionary one if it is going to be a great one.

But it must be very strongly asserted that in spite of all its weaknesses, crudities and imitations it has the stuff of greatness in it and in the subsidiary job of controlling the human element Mr. Cooper has secured the very spirit of the theme. The potentialities of the material under Mr. Cooper's hands are tremendous and it only remains for his craftsmanship to develop with future efforts. Let him throw out the Hollywood values from his work and remember that they are not necessarily popular values.

The relation of the film to local theatrical performances is interesting as apparently many of the players have been on the amateur stage. One remembers that "Caligari" was made by such local groups in Berlin in 1919, even if these groups represented a more culturally developed body of players. "Caligari" in spite of its limitations was the parent of the great German Cinema and between it and "The Dawn" it is possible to find several analogies.

Individual performances with one or two exceptions were good. So was the handling of the I.R.A. as a group. The dramatic technique of the players—really an irrelevance of cinema—was at times startlingly good. The camera work was quite efficient and with better processing would have been excellent. It should be a matter of interest to the makers of the film that its best points were fully appreciated by the audience who at last had something which touched its own experiences of life.

There is one point which cannot be stressed too often by the film critic and

that is that a scenario is not literature nor yet a theatrical script. May I recommend Pudovkin's book on "Film technique" to Mr. Cooper and his scenarists. Literary men have wrecked the theatre and cinema. In the latter it is the man who creates with fluid visual images that we want. Mr. Cooper did make his picture move and that brings him a long way towards that film we expect from him. May he make it move more beautifully and more logically.

LIAM O'LAOGHAIRE

THE IRISH FILM SOCIETY

At long last there is a body with a policy for improving film conditions in Ireland in existence. The formation of such a group is to be welcomed as the Cinema in Ireland up to this has been nobody's child. Quoting from its prospectus: "The Irish Film Society organises the public by making available information on the Cinema and introducing the best type of film into Ireland. It will work for the improvement of general standards of film entertainment, and hopes to see founded specialist and repertory cinemas, special showings for children and the linking up of the cinema with the educational programme of the country. Whenever possible it will encourage native film along the paths which will make it of some value in the achievements of Cinema."

In order to secure the support of the greatest possible number of the general public and those interested in the cinema from any angle whatsoever, the annual subscription is fixed at the nominal sum of 5/- payable to the Hon. Treasurer, Irish Film Society, at 41 South Circular Road, Portobello, Dublin.

The Society recommends the best film of the month to its members, who also receive a periodical devoted to the subject of Cinema in all its aspects

L.O.L.

THEATRE—continued from page 57.

he simply walked through his part. Taken all round, this was the scrappiest production Mr. Hunt has done yet—poses, speeches and movements were allowed that almost wrecked the scenes and there was a lack of drive, due admittedly to Moya Devlin's stiffness and inexperience, throughout that made the high spots all the brighter. Yet the play was so good that it emerged from all this, battered somewhat, but still intensely moving. The setting, though charming otherwise, failed, in a lack of really subtle proportion, to give that virile delicacy the Georgians always managed to attain. Miss Moisewitsch revealed the same weakness in *Deirdre*, in such points as relative sizes of doorways, and angle of inclination of the jambs. There is also a tendency to crudity in colouring sometimes which gives a rather tawdry effect. In spite of these faults—both due, I imagine, to experience in larger theatres where broader effects are required—she generally produces a setting of interest, if not of perfection, as here. It is refreshing to see the Abbey improving in this direction at least.

S. O MEADHRA

The Dublin Little Theatre Guild's first show this year, "*The Taming of the Shrew*," will be staged at the Peacock Theatre from September 28th to October 3rd. Admission 1/- and 1/6. Booking Office open 10 a.m.—8 p.m.

S. O. M.

THE HIRED BOY

Let me be no wiser than the dull
And leg-dragged boy who wrought
For John Maguire in Donagh Moyne
With never a vain thought
Of Fortune waiting round the next
Blind turning of Life's lane :
In dreams he never married a lady
To be dream-divorced again.

He knew what he wanted to know—
How the best potatoes are grown
And how to put flesh on a York pig's back
And clay on a hilly bone.
And how to be satisfied with the little
The destiny-masters give
To the beasts of the tillage country—
To be damned and yet to live.

PATRICK KAVANAGH

LISTEN

Listen

There is surely something to be heard
That is told in this hour warmly—
A new fire in the derelict walls of Poetry.

O there is a flying word about us
For earth-ears.
And a tune, yet not a marching tune
For soldier-maddened feet,
But an air like peace and fulness in garnered wheat.

Let us listen
Let us listen.

PATRICK KAVANAGH

BOOK SECTION

THIS IRISH LITERATURE SURVEYED ONCE AGAIN

(Here Professor Edmund Curtis, whose *History of Ireland* is a marvel of clarity and urbane scholarship, submits to a kindly but critical scrutiny Aodh de Blacam's First Book of Irish Literature)

Recently one of the best known of our reviewers and literary critics has in a small but ambitious survey covered the whole literary output of Ireland's Hiberno-Latin, Gaelic and Anglo-Irish, ranging from Julius Caesar (his first reference given, however, before Patrick's time) to Daniel Corkery. The author certainly has courage, even if he has nothing else, but then he *has* a great deal else which we shall refer to as we go along. Can one imagine a student of English Literature dreaming of compressing into a small book of 70,000 words a history of Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, Latin, and early modern English poetry and prose and appreciation? But then the whole body of our literature in all the three languages that have been cultivated in this country is infinitely small in merit and volume, compared with that of England.

Ireland, says De Blacam, "has spoken through three languages in different circumstances and at different times, though Gaelic literature is the greatest fullest expression of the Irish genius." Hence he treats Irish literary history, irrespective of languages, as a unit. And so he wields his pen over nearly twenty centuries of the written word in Ireland. An ambitious and courageous attempt for which he is certainly equipped by virtue of prodigious reading in the subject, a masterly capacity for including the great and the small in a sort of aerial survey and an unflagging enthusiasm for the subject. We like him for this enthusiasm and gusto, but over his praise and his superlative adjectives a more costive critic might fall out with him.

Our Latin seems to have been quite good in the early middle ages, though our first romanist, St. Patrick, was a poor scholar whose Latin was crude. We seem to have done quite well in Columbanus, John Scotus, Sedulius and others, and in Adamnan's *Life of St. Columba* we get a creditable piece of biography. But does the latter *quite* deserve to be called a work "of fine learning, constructive power, taste and judgment?" This is only one instance of the overpraise which occurs too often. Students of mediaeval Latinity and history-writing I think would not hesitate to put the unspectacular Bede head and shoulders in both above any historian or biographer we produced.

And so with the Latin verse, annals, sermons, etc., produced mainly by the Anglo-Normans. The Irish output, or what survives anyway, does not compare for a moment with the splendid Latin literature of England in those ages, and our best Latin annalist, Friar Clyn, would not be in the third rank of their historians. Nor, in spite of their often "prodigious learning" and an odd name such as O Fihely (Mauritius de Portu), Archbishop Conry and Luke Wadding, can we find our latinists of the Reformation age of an outstanding excellence, certainly not in originality, seeing it was the age of Erasmus, More, and such lively handlers of the learned tongue.

But, whatever our record is, it *is* worth knowing. So wide has De Blacam to cast his net that not only does he bring in Scottish Gaelic, but also Norman French, of which also we had a few blossoms in Ireland. From 1500 he has the great task of tracing the growth of English literature in this country. In spite of all that may be said, and all the frequent might-have-beens put forward about Irish, this has been the main voice of Ireland as the world has heard it. And that is not a bad thought while we are thinking about it. Ever since Patrick put a pen into our fist about the year 430 we have been a race of scribblers and even of writers, but much of what we have to put to parchment or paper is only of interest to historians, scholars, antiquarians and people who like sermons—that is, it belongs to the information, legal, pietistic or record order of writing and not to the upper air of fancy, thought, feeling and imagination. People could read it if they wanted. But some of it the world has *wanted* to read, and has listened gladly to a voice from Ireland; this voice of inspiration, entertainment, philosophy or delight has for us sometimes been in Gaelic, but for the world more often in the language we derived from England and have used with a fluency that surprises the English. It is a favourite theme with De Blacam that the existence beneath of the native speech with its richness and nuttiness has made the English of Ireland a more vivid and illuminated speech. And, unlike a school directed from Cork, he holds that “the old nation may justly take pride in the merits of Anglo-Irish writings.”

On Ireland's contribution in English, De Blacam ends naturally on an inconclusive and perhaps a partial note, with the praise of Corkery and Clarke. It is to be regretted that in a brief notice of our modern historians he fails to mention that devoted and most conscientious of scholars, Dr. Goddard Orpen, who did more than any living man to write the story of Ireland in the Anglo-Norman period. It is clearly an oversight, for De Blacam is at all times generous and gentlemanly even in his disagreements.

We can now turn to the Gaelic voice and note in our island literature. De Blacam's work has been largely done for him in recent works such as Archdeacon Seymour's little book on *Mediaeval Anglo-Irish Literature*, as he acknowledges. But in Irish he himself is a scholar, how deep we do not profess to know, and an enthusiastic student. In view of the limited glimpses into their great field that our first-rank scholars have allowed us (the title of a famous novel, “*The Silence of Dean Maitland*” jumps to one's mind). It is left for such of us as are keen enquirers and not altogether contemptible amateurs to say what we think about the all-too-recently unveiled beauties of the Gaelic Muse.

The Anglo-Norman Invasion is an obvious halting place, and De Blacam stops there to survey the landscape o'er. He has traced up to that the growth of Irish prose and poetry from Old to Middle Irish, and it is stimulating and fair if a little too enthusiastic, e.g., in a comparison between the Táin and the Iliad, which is disparaging to the latter. He stresses well the development from the earliest rhythmic strophic and rhetorical poetry of the earliest age (why has he apparently omitted Amergin's wonderful invocation here?) to the syllabic forms which traditional and bardic verse retained to the 17th century. On

page 72 he pauses for a Revision of his judgments of Irish literature up to 1170 and it is very interesting though with a good deal of it one must strongly disagree. That "old Irish literature astonishes by its *modernity*, and while the Norse sagas seem to us remote and barbaric, the contemporary Irish tales and poems are vivid, humorous, homely, neat and ingenious," is a startling and sweeping statement. The love, and recurring note, of pedantry in Irish literature should certainly be more strongly admitted, and the footling antiquarianism and traditionalism which became a choking ivy growth, not to speak of other defects.

How this happened is explained sufficiently from page 80. The monasteries and wandering monks ceased to be the source of poetry and tale, and the lay pedantic bardic schools came into their own, that is, into a most unfortunate monopoly. Such a stabilisation was there that "a bardic poem of the early 13th century is identical in metrics, etc., with one of the late 16th." What a condemnation! It is as if Chaucer had been a pedant and Shakespeare thought he could not do better than imitate the famous Dan.

Bardic poetry (on which the half dozen experts in Ireland, Britain and Europe who know, refuse to write *the* great book) is to most of us rather disappointing as poetry and more exasperatingly so as documents for Irish history, political and social. Only an occasional born poet who happened to be also an hereditary poet managed to make this shackled Pegasus of *Dán Díreach* obey him to some poetic purpose, and only when England really took a flail to Ireland under Elizabeth was some poetic fire and fury knocked out of the abundant court poets of Gaelic Erin. So that when De Blacam says that of the Bardic revival "there survives a large volume of poetry which is full of historic interest and literary charm" one can only sadly shake the head and murmur: "I suppose you are right."

What then of prose? Is it possible to say that Irish produced between 1200 and 1600 a prose which one would read for pleasure, i.e., one set down in a living natural medium as spoken—I mean as apart from annals and other records of an antiquarian nature which convey information and which we chiefly value for the information given? Perhaps the answer is not entirely in the negative, but it certainly is with regard to the annals, which are for the most part dry entries written even as late as the *Four Masters* in a purely artificial jargon. In the "Life of Red Hugh O'Donnell" Lewy O'Clery had a magnificent theme; how and in what "Irish" he handled it those who have even looked at it know. It is of course possible that there *was* a prose and a poetry in a natural and therefore readable, attractive idiom which have not been preserved, for the pedants and the vested interests of the hereditary learned would not endure originality in the common people's language, and they were the censorship of their time. The kind of thing that is in the "Wars of Turloch" we should have had more of; in spite of their turgidity and Celtic verbosity some living heroism and emotion gets through. Here we thank De Blacam for the remark that the excess of adjectives (it took 100 to say that Turloch was a brave fellow and looked well in armour) "was due to the influence

of the shanachie who wanted words to recite, not to read silently." Yes, there we are ; Irish has suffered enormously by never practically getting out of the MS. stage, while English became a language for silent reading long ago. (Yet, according to some, " verse is music to be heard rather than print to be read.")

Still we do get something at least which looks about-to-be in the 17th century. Ireland took two sides over the religious split and it looked as if a modern (that is, a living, spoken form of it) might push aside the thicket of decaying herbage of pedant Irish and continue to grow. The Protestant side gave us the Bible in a language understood of the people. They were not allowed to have it, but it seems to contain some excellent Irish. The Catholic side, too, conceived the idea of a simple Gaelic medium, also understood of the people unlike the pedantic learned idiom, and there was a whole school of exiled clergy at Louvain and elsewhere who started to print in this modern Irish. But in fact Irish never became the language of either of the contestant creeds.

The Gaelic language in that time, remarks De Blacam, " was a stricter literary medium than the yet undisciplined language of England, and was flexible enough to express all the thought of the age." It is not easy to see what is meant here. Surely an English which had already produced Chaucer and Langland had worked out its rules of life. On the other hand would it not be fairer to say that, while all Irish *needed* was great writers and intensive life to make it a vigorous and noble modern speech, it did not in fact *get* them. It is perhaps no exaggeration for De Blacam to say that O'Maelconaire's *Desiderius*, MacAingil's *Mirror of Penance*, O'Molloy's *Lochrann na gCreidmheach*, still more Keating's History, are "monuments of a powerful, simple, racy new prose"; yet the whole corpus of them is not great. There *was* a Gaelic section of the Irish nation in the 17th century, but I myself am far from convinced that Butlers, Burkes, bishops at large, or even aristocratic O'Neills took a genuine interest in this Gaelic league. But anyway the hope of Irish continuing as one of the official languages of Ireland, cultivated by bishops and scholars and endowed by the landed gentry, ended suddenly with the Boyne. However much an odd scholar at rare intervals turns out a Gaelic translation or queer verbose romance in the fashion of O'Neachtain, in fact living Irish prose in " cainnt na ndaoine " never appeared again, or perhaps appears for the first time with Canon O'Leary whom a lot of us remember. It may well be that *he* has begun a renaissance and in the thirty years since he began, some six, let us say, prose works of *very* readable, or anyway *readable*, quality, stand side by side on our shelves as books that are worth reading and reading again.

The history of verse in Irish offers a strange contrast. After 1700 it slid slowly from the classical and metrical poem to the semi-classical mode in anguished survivors such as Aegan O'Rahilly, and landed finally in the ballad of easy metres and popular speech, of which we have hundreds, often of a high, more latterly of a mere come-all-ye quality, till *it* also ended, but this time with the Famine. And with the poetic Muse there has been no rebirth ; save for an odd inspiration the whole Gaelic movement of our time has produced no poets—a strange phenomenon, for it *is* a poet's language.

There are, at a rough calculation, three hundred writers of sorts mentioned in this little book, and naturally that gives it an air of aridity, but there are pleasant little croppings here and there, and the author is happy in recording the judgments of great scholars and in adding his own. These are always interesting and often show perspicuity, wisdom, and deserved enthusiasm, though some of the praise seems overdone, and such adjectives as "*ripe* scholarship," "*intense* originality," "*winning* picture," "*immense* antiquity," etc., seem, like vaulting ambition, to overleap themselves. De Blacam has already written a large work on Gaelic Literature and if one did not feel that he is a man who learns as he goes along and has a core of intellectual honesty and appreciation amid his enthusiasms, one might not trouble to express the regret that he runs near to the partisan. He stands to my thinking high in the ranks of those to whom the all-too-necessary task of "*vulgarisation*" of our old native literature must fall.

It is not a bad thing occasionally for the student to muse or to write without his books. It is possible that one's subconscious memory of Irish letters, read either in text or translation over many years, does it injustice. Mine contains much enthusiastic absorption in the often excellent tale-telling that the Irish had the art of in the pre-Norman age, splendid saga stuff about Niall Nine Hostages and the like, the sweet sorrows of Deirdre and Gormlai, some vivid early annals, some glitteringly alive bardic poems and some dry, grave, sententious ones (which MacKenna and Bergin have got into print), and of course the really immortal anonymous lyrics of the Christian prime which Meyer and Hyde gave us. But how small is the whole body of pure literature, and how this waned after the English broke up the body politic and the Church of the Gael! I have just come from meeting in the street one of our chief scholars who, unsolicited, said of the 1200 to 1600 period, how little there is to enthuse over save, say, a tenth of the bardic stuff; and as for prose, set aside the medieval translations into Irish, and how little at all remains.

Some day either the Government or the Universities or anybody who can afford it must publish the whole as yet unpublished corpus of this Gaelic literature of which everyone talks so much and so few know anything about. But the original and constructive side of it will have to be separated from the far larger section of it, which is antiquarian and documentary.

But this is not literature according to the definition: "What men and women have thought and felt, and then put down in good prose and beautiful poetry."

And finally, as the written Gaelic up to 1500 anyway is not understandable by even a modern speaker of Irish, the best of our literature therefore, for the majority of us, can only be got in in English translation.

Indeed, the more we think about this Irish literature, the more necessary it seems to think still more about it.

THE
IRISH
SHELF

We reserve this Section each month for books of particular interest to the New Ireland.

GUERRILLA

ON ANOTHER MAN'S WOUND. By Ernie O'Malley. (*The Three Candles*. 8s. 6d.).

The Hero, having lived with the intensity of natural unconsciousness, here turns, with the enlarged personality of maturity, with nerves and mind made tranquil by time, to the task of conveying the effect of what once was fact. Thus deliberating on what was once undeliberated upon his success depended largely on integrity—on remembering no more than experience, of conveying no more than was felt; art could, and must, be added, but life must be respected. O'Malley has accomplished the difficult task finely. He has achieved his aim. He has given us a book as heroic as *Revolt in the Desert*. Had he but struck to his ends more arrow-like, curbed his lip for writing as much as he did for fighting, it need not have been inferior as literature; and, as it stands, it lacks but one or two things—chiefly nakedness, and after that pity. Also, there is no irony, and in our times the epic note seems to require something like irony—the antidote to romantic over-seriousness.

At one point in his adventurous career O'Malley and two companions suddenly found themselves on an exposed field with two tenders laden with police covering them from the road; sending his friends back to safety he lay down and took aim. Nothing happened. (Later they heard that the police took them for decoys and refused to fire for that reason—an inadequate reason, surely, since they might at any rate have picked off the decoys?)

“Blast your souls! Can't you fire, can't you fire,” I said aloud, but the rifles pointed accusing fingers. In the distance I heard like a mechanical corn-crake the smothered rhythm of a mowing-machine; over the heads of the police as I lifted my eyes from the sights, were small hills in front of a soft blue mass, the Galtees . . .”

That gives a good idea of the tension and the contrasts of the book—death and loveliness, hard and tender, an Irish formula, well-sustained, always respondent, a fine orchestration for a life like his. But I am a trifle disturbed by finding in the course of the book that the natural background, the touches of loveliness, are a shade overdone, and people will be certain to murmur ‘Hemingway.’ One would not mind that, and no guerilla wandering all over Ireland in every season as O'Malley did for years, in and out of danger, could but want to evoke that immense sense of nature feeding into the tired heart. What does disturb, genuinely, is the fear that some of this ‘natural background’ is compounded in the studio.

“I looked forward to the Spring: broken land, brown umber, upturned earth smells awakened by the rain. The wild daffodil quivering on pliant stem, purple-frittered wild iris, the delicate cream of the primrose backed by its crimped leaf and the rich golden glory of the sedate crocus.” (Then he goes on to March—and then to May.) It reads well; but it is not remembered, and with a shock one wonders if it was *seen*—for crocus is a February flower, daffodils ‘take the winds of March with beauty,’ primrose means April, and the iris is generally in June. In another place he sees, in the same sentence purple elderberries and a kingfisher among yellow flags; well, this is late September, and the elderberries are still in the process of becoming purple, but where are the flags? I could quote other examples.

As to the absence of pity—it may be thought that this is, in the main, a soldier's record and that there was then little room for that unmasculine (but not unmanly) emotion. This is where, I feel, O'Malley has made the mistake of keeping too precisely to the emotions of the time he describes; there must be many things that were at the time only dimly-perceived—thrust away under pressure—that steal now to the surface of memory with greater import than he allowed them at the time. For instance, there is a fine chapter (Ch. X) commenting at large on the country-folk. It must give any foreign friend a graphic picture of what we are like; but is it not too abstract, too pragmatic, too cold and would it not have been enriched by more tenderness, more advenience to the elemental, frail, lyrical qualities of life in the fields? There is another writer who also rebuffs these idle, secret, womanish tendrils of life—Peadar O'Donnell, and I am wondering if the reason is not the same; that both are bitten by the sociological bug; that both want, only, the virtues that *work*.

I think we are entitled to say these things about this book: that it would have been even better, fine as it is, had it been more simple and more soft. In a sense this kind of book is a collaboration: it is not quite the same thing as a literary man's job of work, or an artist's book; it tends to become the property of the nation and the nation will, as it does, hail it as the idealisation of the guerilla, long awaited, worth waiting for since it comes finely at last; in a sense the nation dictated it, and it will rest on our shelves, beside Tone and Mitchel as the expression of a period.

But if we *must* think of it merely as "a book"—it is a book that a man like Yeats ought to acclaim—he who believes in passionate natures, arrowing flexibly, unified into oneness of being by a symbol or an image that leads them on and on like a ghost. T. E. Lawrence would have found it too brittle—he had a deep sense of pity, and he did not believe in heroes; though he did believe in what the hero-type works with, the more active virtues and the will never to submit or yield. And no critic but must say of it that it has added another name to the permanent list of Irish men of letters.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

OTHER TIMES

ANY GOOD CAUSE

FIRE OF LIFE. Autobiography of Henry Wood Nevinson. (*Gollancz*. 5/.)

There is a type of Englishman, generally unobtrusive but not at all uncommon, who is always on the look-out for what Thomas Davis called "any good cause at all." They sigh for "a steed, a rushing steed, and a blazing scimitar," and without finding these aids to crusading they set out hopefully for the battle. Of the number is Henry Wood Nevinson, whose autobiography is one of the great books of our day and generation. Originally it was contained in three large volumes, published between 1923 and 1928, but in this volume will be found the essence without the bulk. It is a book for all who love good writing, as well as for those who would salute a gallant and generous friend. When Ireland had few friends in the world, Henry Nevinson was one of the few, and in this book he offers more than friendship; he offers himself in his *credo*.

There was a time when one opened the old *Nation* directly in the middle; for it was there that Henry Nevinson's contributions were usually to be found. He was then known as "a mere journalist," even as "a war Correspondent,"

although he had been publishing books since 1895. Masterman and Massingham are dead ; only Nevinson remains to carry the knowledge of an ampler day into a censor-ridden and robot-souled world. When the hands of men perform as if they were railway signals, operated by the controller in the signal-box, it will be known that men like Henry Nevinson have failed ; for they were of a time when liberty and culture were interchangeable, if not quite synonymous terms. Thirty years ago had such things as Hitler's Germany, Mussolini's Italy, Franco's Spain, Salazar's Portugal, or Stalin's Russia, existed, Henry Nevinson would have endeavoured to have been in all of them at once, and to say frankly and honestly what they had to offer striving humanity. But the man who could invoke Saint Patrick as he entered the crusade for the recovery of the spirit of Rousseau in 1906 is now out of, if not yet above, the battle. So it is that, instead of being in the new fights, he retells of struggles and battles long ago.

This year Henry Nevinson is 70 years old, and from 1897 to 1919 he was war correspondent for a series of English newspapers. He was at the Greco-Turkish War of 1897, and then in the Cretan revolt of the same year ; he was in Spain in 1898, during the Spanish-American War, when the Spaniards kept their costly warship in Cadiz harbour lest harm should come to it ; he was in the Boer War, and then in the Red Rubber business in the Congo ; he was in Russia for the 1905 revolution, and thence to India for the beginnings of Indian Sinn Fein ; he was in Bulgaria during the Balkan War and was actually in Berlin in 1914. Having been at an English public school and at Oxford in his earlier years he ended his educational process with *The Manchester Guardian* in 1929. In this book we have it all—world-wars and revolutions, literature and life, artistry and the arts, learning and experience. It is now 27 years since I first discovered Henry Nevinson in a book entitled *Essays in Freedom*, and having read nearly every word he has written since then I can recommend this book with confidence.

A. E. M.

THE SPIRIT OF MAN

THE TESTAMENT OF MAN. By Arthur Stanley. (*Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.).

Mr. Stanley is an indefatigable anthologist whose *Bedside Book* received a warm and deserved welcome last year from the public and the critics. (Mr. Hugh Walpole went so far as to say, at the time, that it was the best anthology ever made by man—and even allowing for modern hyperbole that is impressive). He has here collected in a book of 672 pages—the book is light, flexibly and pleasantly bound, and does not feel like 672 pages—prose and poetic excerpts from the earliest times, from cuneiform inscriptions to passages from the *London Observer*, revelatory of what the anthologist calls "the divinity of man."

Mr. Stanley has gathered all the great names and savoured all the great books, but he has found human dignity in many places. It will suggest the scope and line of the book to observe in the final sections the sequence—*Last Words of Edith Cavell* ; a quotation from Henri Barbusse's *Le Feu* ; *A Prayer at Sea* from Halliday Sutherland's *Arches of the Years* ; two passages describing the death of James Connolly ; Dr. Pollock's *Cairn Builders* ; and a number of nobly impressive letters from the zones of war in 1914 ; in the Medieval Section the sequence—Langland ; Froissart ; Chaucer ; Richard Rolle ; Meister Eckhart ; Ramon Lull ; Heinrich Suso ; the *Ancren Riwle* ; or in the period of Greece and Rome—The Oath of Hippocrates ; the Prayer of Socrates from Xenophon's *Memorabilia* ; The Wisdom of Socrates from the *Phaedrus* ; the definition of 'The True Beauty' from the *Symposium* ; the magnificent last

words of Plato from the *Apology*; and the famous passage from the *Ethics* about man's chief good being "an energy of the soul according to virtue." In other words he has, generally, been chronological and grouped his collection appropriately.

Such an anthology could hardly fail to be interesting. In effect it is more. It is a treasure-house of spiritual stimulation, and time and again as one takes it up—this reviewer, it so happened, read most of it right through during an illness—one feels that, no matter what lofty folk may say about "snippety-snappety books," *The Testament of Man* is one of those few collections that is not so much to be reviewed, or criticised, as acknowledged with gratitude. Not the least part of its merit—the merit of any good anthology—is that it will send many a reader back to old favourites, and urge him to tackle, during the winter, many books whose reading has been too long postponed.

S. O'F.

OTHER PLACES

TROTSKY ON COMMUNISM

THE DEFENCE OF TERRORISM. By L. Trotsky. (London: *Allen and Unwin*. 3/6d. net.)

Trotsky is "in the news" again; and, of course, he is in trouble. They say in Moscow that he is planning to upset the apparently solidly-established regime of Stalin there, and a little group of his friends has fallen before the guns of the Red Army on account of what they say. But that there was a Red Army to execute his friends Trotsky mainly was responsible. Maybe he does not like Stalin, nor Stalin's way of guiding the Soviet system: may be he is justified in his dislike. Many there are in Western Europe to-day who share his dislike; who think that Stalin is going the Hitler road instead of the road of Lenin. "Many onlookers are astounded, and repelled," he says in the new preface to this book, "by the worship of the 'leader' which so humiliatingly brings the soviet system of to-day not far away from Hitler's system. The 'party' in Russia and Germany alike has one, and only one, right: the right to agree with the leader. The party meetings become nothing else than demonstrations of a unanimity that is assured beforehand. 'In what way is the Soviet Order of things better than the Fascist?' is the question put by the democrats, the idealists, who are none of them capable of looking below the political superstructure. Without in the slightest wishing to defend the bureaucratic caricature of the Soviet system, we will answer this one-sided criticism of it by pointing to its social basis. Hitler's system is seen to be the last and truly desperate form of self-defence taken by a capitalism rotting to destruction. Stalin's system is seen to be the misshapen bureaucratic form of self-defence taken by a Socialism that is rising. These two are not the same."

This little book, one of the most brilliant written by Trotsky, is really a reply to Kautsky's *Terrorism and Communism* and originally bore the same title. It was written, Trotsky tells the reader, "in 1920 in the car of a military train and amid the flames of civil war," but it bears no traces of this queer environment; it is cogently argued, close to realities, easy to read, and most alluring. "What we are concerned with is not at all the defence of 'terrorism' as such. Methods of compulsion and terrorisation down to the physical extirpation of its opponents have up to now advantaged, and continue to advantage in an infinitely higher degree the cause of reaction, as represented by the outworn exploiting classes, than they do the cause of historical progress, as represented

by the proletariat. The jury of moralists who condemn "terrorism" of whatever kind have their gaze fixed really on the revolutionary deeds of the persecuted who are seeking to set themselves free . . . The present work, therefore, is far away from any thought of defending terrorism in general. It champions the historical justification of the proletarian revolution. The root idea of the book is this: that history down to now has not thought out any other way of carrying mankind forward than that of setting up always the revolutionary violence of the progressive class against the conservative violence of the outworn classes." That is at least arguable; and there could be no better debater for his side than Trotsky.

A. E. M.

MOSCOW ADMITS A CRITIC. By Sir Bernard Pares. (*Nelson*, 2s. 6d.).

Impressions of the new Russia written by someone absent from that country for twenty years, must almost inevitably prove interesting. The interest is increased tenfold when the impressions are those of one extremely familiar with tsarist Russia, and who, a fervent Christian and a strong opponent of the communist régime since its inception, has yet kept in as close touch with Russia ever since, as is possible without actually going there. Pares returned to Russia last December, arriving as an avowed critic to throw out "a kind of friendly challenge." And now into ninety pages he has packed a wealth of information, anecdote, and personal experience, acquired *without let or hindrance*.

One may occasionally question his reasoning; as when, for instance, he suggests that the Allies made Communism possible, by saving Russia from German Imperialism. He glides ingenuously over the fact that after they had crushed Germany, they did their damndest to submit the Russians to a combination of British, French and Japanese Imperialism.

Russia, Pares says, "certainly wants peace." "A general impression of well-being" has replaced the "hard times," which he refers to as "a tightening of all belts which now *has definitely yielded the promised results*." How many nations could say the same of the privations which have become so irradicable a part of our social system?

O. S. S.

POETRY AND DRAMA

PRELUDE TO BALLET. By Arnold Haskell. (*Nelson* 3s. 6d.)

Subtitled "An Analysis and a Guide to Appreciation," this latest work of Mr. Arnold Haskell—the leading English ballet critic—should certainly set upon the path of understanding the feet of many serious theatregoers to whom the ballet has been hitherto an unknown province.

The book proper is simple in form.

"Ballet is the meeting-place of the Arts, music, painting, drama," Mr. Haskell tells us, but it is in the dancers that the arts unite."

So he begins with the dancers.

The evolution of the dancer from her earliest struggles at the "barre" is recounted with the insight and understanding of one who has been the confidante of many.

The particular parts played in the evolution and development of choriography, by such masters as Noverre, Petipa and the contemporary Folsine is followed.

Mr. Haskell explains the structure of ballet and the exact function of each

of its contributors—choreographer, composer, scenic artist, dancer, and—perhaps most vital of all—regisseur-generale.

For it must be realised that while much tribute is due to Folsine and Belanchine—to Benois and Bahst, and to a host of composers, it was owing to the artistically-selective genius and showmanship of the late Serge Bioghileff that "Les Ballets Russe" became universally a vital artistic force in the present century.

An appended chronological summary for the "balletomane," and a glossary of technical terms for the uninitiated admirably round off this interesting little work, which is further embellished with some naively charming woodcuts by the Russian Artist Boboujensky.

ALAN HUNTER

STAGECRAFT FOR AMATEURS. Jevan Brandon-Thomas. (*Harrap*. 5/-).

The author, who now runs a repertory theatre in Glasgow, and whose father wrote "Charley's Aunt" of world-fame, is anything but highbrow, his outlook being very sane and balanced with a real feeling for the art of the stage. His style is very pleasing, clear, concise, yet full of detail. Every aspect of theatrical work is covered, from getting players together to writing plays and preparing for drama festivals, and he has things useful, original and often very humorous to say about each. Although the book eschews theory and is intended "to give practical hints" only, it offers a complete guide to anyone wishing to apply his intelligence to good work. Very helpful are the chapters on Production, Stage Presentation, Dressing for the Part, Make Up and Playwriting. Marie Tempest's preface and the first chapter on the New Outlook should also be studied and digested. A book to be recommended to all interested in the theatre.

SEAN O MEADHRA

APOLOGY FOR DANCING. Reyner Heppenstall. (*Faber and Faber*. 12/6).

This provocative book on Ballet is at once a brilliant success and a failure. Although aimed at "the man in the street" that elusive person would never weary his allegedly minute brain in elucidation of its contents. Yet the book's intent is to interest him in ballet as something worth while. The author's style does not help, yet on a second reading it is seen to fit the thought sequence perfectly, being often brilliantly luminous in presentation of ideas. The ideas themselves are original, often quite disconcerting, but always stimulating and finally acceptable. There is hardly a trace of "padding" and the close concentration required will deter all but confirmed balletomanes from following the author's survey of ballet history, ballet-criticism, its social and mental associations and values, especially by comparison with the art of Poetry and Song, and, his main thesis, its value as the perfect example of Tradition transmitting Style and enriching and treasuring it for its own sake. This claim and the other—that ballet-appreciation should consist purely in sympathetic muscular response to pure mastery of body and movement will both be granted by any true lover of ballet. From this viewpoint, he treats of Isadora Duncan, George Diaghileff, Massine, Fokine and the modern English choreographers, and his views will provoke thought and discussion, as mimetic, or pictorial ballet and free "emotional" dancing are alike departures for him from pure Style, an acceptable view in the main. Especially interesting is his treatment of the "epicene" element, the supposed effeminacy, of ballet, a fine statement of the case. Altogether a real contribution to general aesthetics and to practical criticism.

SEAN O MEADHRA

LIGHTING UP TIME—AFTER TWILIGHT

GRASS OF PARNASSUS: An Philibin. (Dublin: Three Candles Press. 3/6)

An ability to write quantities of reasonably literate verse about nothing at all is one of the unfortunate gifts of the Irish race. It is of course quite impossible to compute how much of it is written every year, but it is remarkable how much manages to get published; and in the publishing of it established writers are the worst offenders—on the strength of their prose work they persuade a publisher to print a slim volume of their generally unripe early poems on the subject of Seagulls over the Liffey, and efforts in the early Yeats manner.

An Philibin is such a one. Such lines as:

Straying by the bird-haunted pool
We plucked an ivory blossom, cool
And delicate . . .

occur everywhere, and again the wild birds which wing endlessly through the twilight poetry make their appearance:

Oh bird, wild bird, take wing and make your way
To where keen air is wholesome . . .

His poems are technically excellent, the rhythms, rhymes and assonances being in all the right places and traditions, but essentially these verses are those of one who is not a poet but merely a talented lover of poetry. The whole volume reads like a digest of the early days of what was hopefully called the Irish Renaissance, when Angus and Ossian and the white, white birds of the ocean were essential properties, when lines like:

One wanders with a song
Of mild ecstatic words,
To lull with dreams a throng
Of drowsy water-birds . . .

were written by the hundred.

The poems are finely printed and the whole format lives up to the high standard of elegant production we expect from the *Three Candles* Press.

DONAGH MAC DONAGH

FICTION

DEATH IS SO FAIR. By Louis Lynch D'Alton. (*Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.).

The great virtue of this first novel—recommended by The Book Society—is the passionate sincerity of its revolt against the futility and cruelty of idealism. The story is set in Black-and-Tan times and is vividly, indeed forcefully told, describing rather than evoking the tremors of those days. The plot is well-planned; the theme explicit—there are no undertones of word or deed and so there is nothing to re-read. The theme has been presented often in Irish fiction indeed, the book itself, with its characters that are types rather than representatives, its rigid obedience to its author's dogma, has been done many times. But that is of little importance if we get a positive answer to the question we ask when we have turned the last page—"Is there trapped between those covers the personal flavour, the unique and lonely vision, which by its personal validity and intensity is universal, permanent and valuable?" Well . . . ?

After an unnecessarily Walpurgistnachtian opening in Easter 1916, we meet Andrew Kilfoyle successfully avoiding capture. Disgusted with the idealism and inefficiency of his leaders, he decides to become a ruthless revolutionary.

but his friend, Manus Considine, reluctantly abandoning his priestly studies, decides to become the idealistic revolutionary ! And if ever a character had doom on his brow, Considine has it. The author is most skilful about not giving him a chance. By leaving his seminary he breaks his mother's heart ; by his Volunteer activities he brings death to his brother ; he helps to condemn a friend wrongly accused of spying ; he is seduced—and on the night of his brother's murder !—by a young woman already pregnant with his brother's child. On and on he is hammered until near the end he is refused Absolution by a priest. The cynical Kilfoyle (who will live on) bids him seek out a priest more sympathetic to guerilla warfare, but the disillusioned Considine wanders into the arms of the Auxiliaries and is foully killed. Alas, that death in novels ! Death, the only human experience that is disastrous and unimportant. But there is no other ending for this book, because from the first page it has been evident that humanity is to be stripped of its dignity, of its hope, of everything indeed except its folly.

Mr. D'Alton has written in prose free of emotive tides a swift and vigorous story, packed with thrilling incidents. About his power to write there can be no doubt. And now that he has projected this theme outside of himself he may well write a book that will be nearer to the lovely and indecisive unbalance of life.

MICHAEL BURKE

RAMPARTS OF VIRTUE. By John Brophy. (*Cape*. 7s. 6d.).

Oliver Antrobus, a widower with a grown-up son who is being (at his German wife's request) reared in Germany as a German, an authority on foreign affairs and a leader-writer thereon for a London daily paper, meets a chorus-girl, Mike Mandeville. After twenty years of happy devotion to his work and sad devotion to his wife's memory, he finds the ramparts of virtue assailed. He resists long and manfully, and when he succumbs it is to find that the fruit of old passion is bitter and barren, leaving him, like an unvirtuous Noah, a mockery to his son, to the young girl he had befriended, and worst of all to himself. There is a commentary on this private tragedy in the history of the son Franz. He has been swept into the whirlpool of Nazi neurosis—has become a cruel, priggish, ultra-patriotic, self-righteous *sturmtropper*, who may stand, in the new politics, for the mass brutality that in the old system has, less obviously, exploited people like Mike Mandeville. Antrobus thus sees cruelty on all sides, and even his own kindly efforts to help one victim—"the little 'chorine"—seem fated to entangle her in what he so detests. One cannot be certain that Mr. Brophy intended to be contrapuntal in this way, but it is a measure of his eagerness, humanity, passionate love of human liberty, sympathy, tolerance, that one is moved to see that such a double tragedy does reside in his material, and one sees it as one sees there contrasts and analogies in life, with a vague stirring of the conscience, or a fear as if one thought the gods were sardonically arranging things, for a brief moment, into a pattern significant even to the casual. For it is not Mr. Brophy's way to be obvious, or to be emphatic—although the end of his book is far too explicit in its commentary on itself : he records what happens (and our Censors, who do not believe in what happens, will do their well-known *Tartuffe* turn with his book as a result) and leaves the bald, and often hateful fact, churn our feelings. It is one method. As one critic I feel that Mr. Brophy is too sincere a novelist to stay long *au d'ssus du combat*. There are sympathies, as there are ideas, that are mutually destructive ; his intellectual integrity should have warned him, for example that the Solomon Raxes of London, like the *Daily Emblems* that

produce them, being the pawns of ignorance are the support thereof. The Black and Tans were spawned (even as later they were killed) in Fleet Street just as the *sturmtroppers* of to-day are kept alive by the hot breath of Goebbels, and could not continue to exist if Fleet Street and Times Square so chose.

But to get heated over a novel . . . It shews what a passionate book it is. Read it while you may.

S. O'F.

THE BUS STOPS AT BINHAM LANE. By Stacey Hyde. (*Cape*. 7s. 6d.).

Not a good novel, in the technical sense—over-balanced and top-heavy in parts (the Kenda Institute, for instance, is overdone)—this novel of the growth, out of a green lane, of a bit of suburban London society is interesting in a sociological way: and it shews that literature is still going in just the same direction. I liked the smell of the book. It had a groping sincerity, and it makes bricks of honest straw. But what a pathetic civilisation it records! *Dead End* might have been the title, for if this is London, then certainly the bus stops there—for good (or otherwise); and, as it stops, it makes a very tiresome smell. Read it, dear reader in Ballybehindbeyond, and be happy, for if you are bored the e suburban folk are coffin-dead.

F. D.

NOVEL ON YELLOW PAPER. By Stevie Smith. (*Cape*. 7s. 6d.).

This amusing novel—if it can be called a novel—is by a clever young lady—if she can be called a young lady—who adds as sub-title, *Work it Out for Yourself*. It adumbrates a love-story, but the story is entangled in innumerable digressions and irrelevant comments on life in general, and all are further entangled in the tangles of a style—if it can be called a style—that purports to be the spoken, not the written word. None of this matters much; what does matter is that Miss Stevie Smith could write very finely if she wished for she can feel intensely and convey her emotion powerfully. It may be a Highbrow Joke, but it cuts the heart. Only—that big 'only' of modern books—poor Miss Smith is as disintegrated as be-hanged; and when you are that way what can you do but be smart or weep. Books like this make one feel that what writers want to-day is not just more skill, but to be psycho-analysed out of their own irreality before they as much as set pen to paper.

Incidentally, Miss Smith wrote her novel on yellow paper. Had she been told that Oscar Wilde wrote his on mauve how she would have smiled!

F. D.

WORDS FOR TO-NIGHT. By George Buchanan. (*Constable*, 5s.).

This is a Londoner's *journal d'observation* of quite the first rank. In so far as it recreates things in a personal way it is just as entertaining as fiction, and more stimulating. A few extracts will suggest its temper:—

Other voices: A nursemaid, at intervals, to a boy on a toy bicycle: "Be carfeul, Robin, it's dangerous."

A pretty child in a pink coat: "Cat's lick themselves, don't they, mummy?"

A lady with a 1900 hat: "My father was a bishop. My uncle was a peer's nephew."

Nowadays, whenever I pass by the Cenotaph in an omnibus I raise my hat diffidently. Often I am the only person on board to observe this once general custom. So does the "undying glory" fade little by little,

A black speaker in the Park, celebrated for his racing tips . . . "The Italian Army will go into Abyssinia and suddenly vanish. Why?"

Dramatically he whispers: "Juju."

Had the publishers cared to make it an expensive, illustrated edition, it would possibly be hugged by the sophisticated. It is first-class journalism.

F. D.

PRACTICAL

PIONEERS OF THE MODERN MOVEMENT. By Nikolaus Pevsner. (*Faber and Faber*. 10s. 6d.).

Dr. Pevsner has engaged upon the herculean task of analysing and evaluating the work of almost every figure of note in the fields of architecture, painting and pure design, from the handicrafts movement of the fifties to the years of the war. In these years he endeavours to prove that the modern movement showed the first signs of fruition from the germs sown by Ruskin in the middle of the previous century. This is a thesis to which few will subscribe and fewer still will be impressed by his attempt to prove that Ruskin ever possessed the germ of modern thought or even that the work which preceded the war years was more than the very embryo of what was to come.

An attempt is made in this book to follow in chronological order the various impulses of men and matters that altered the esoteric attitude of art in the nineteenth century, described by Keats,

"Oh, Sweet Fancy, let her loose ;

Everything is spoilt by use."

to that envisaged by the author in which art is no longer pure aesthetics but a vehicle to enable humanity more easily to appreciate those things which Dr. Pevsner thinks are beautiful.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is that devoted to William Morris. Dr. Pevsner shows precisely his position among contemporary artists and his value to the art of all time. Having dealt with Morris and the architecture of Philip Webb and Norman Shaw, Dr. Pevsner discusses the schools of painting from 1890 onwards and somewhat too vehemently praises Cezanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin and Vallotton at the expense of Manet, Redon and the other Impressionists. He is far from his best in his criticisms and gives what is called "Art Nouveau" an undue importance in the history of modern art.

Not until he discusses the engineering of the nineteenth century does Dr. Pevsner proclaim his real faith and then, having convinced himself of the superiority of such engineers as Telford, Brunel and others over contemporary architects he carries us into the present day and deduces that for real expression of art in building, functionalism and utility will suffice. His advocacy of an almost standardized style of modern building is hardly consistent with his choice of Walter Gropius' work as an exemplar of his theories ; Gropius is perhaps as great an individualist in architecture as any practising architect to-day.

Dr. Pevsner has produced a work that is neither history nor philosophy. It is too full of interesting and provocative deductions to be pure history for those who prefer to arrive at unprejudiced conclusions and too full of facts and dates advancing no theory to be an adequate criticism of the psychology of the modern movement.

It should be said, however, that the book is the outcome of considerable study and is a definitive treatment, as the publishers claim, of a subject which will prove of value and interest to both lay and professional readers.

VINCENT KELLY

DUNLAOGHAIRE: The History, Scenery and Development of the District. By Manning Robertson, F.R.I.B.A., M.R.I.A.I. (*Published by the Dunlaoghaire Borough Corporation.* 2s. 6d. net).

"The culture or otherwise of any State is proclaimed in its buildings and their settings." This is an extract from the preface to this interesting and stimulating Survey, and when applied to our own State, reveals the disquieting fact, that our measure of culture is microscopic. At the moment, when the countryside is being consistently disfigured by uncontrolled building, it is hardly surprising that all civic spirited persons have become despondent and are beginning to doubt if its course will be checked in time. This Survey should raise their hopes and hearten them.

In the preface, Town Planning is briefly defined, its objects enumerated and the methods by which past blunders, the result of its neglect can be remedied. It should be our constant aim to make our towns healthier and more pleasant, appealing if necessary for public help in the training of the coming generation, who stand to gain most from our efforts of to-day.

It is obvious that the young architects of to-day can do very little to raise the cultural level of this country, but should be content rather, with the laborious yet very necessary task of indicating and preparing the way for the next generation, towards a cultural plane more elevated than exists at present.

Ten years ago the first step was taken in this direction, when in answer to a general appeal, sufficient money was subscribed by public-spirited people throughout the country, to purchase the Vico Fields, a strip of land running between the Vico Road, Dalkey, and the sea-shore. The further erection of hideous buildings was prevented and the beauty and amenities of the locality preserved. It is only reasonable to expect that this example will be followed by every citizen.

Mr. Manning Robertson has covered a considerable amount of ground in this excellent survey. It contains information regarding the Administration, Housing and Amusement facilities of the District and some very valuable suggestions are made with regard to suitable Traffic routes and the provision of an adequate Concert Hall. Not the least interesting is the section dealing with Public Open Spaces. It is evident, from the comparative tables, that this country has a difficult task set for it if it wishes to compare at all favourably with such countries as Germany, Austria or America, in the matter of providing adequate "lungs" to the Towns in the form of Parks, Open Spaces and Recreation Grounds.

The Survey is pleasantly produced and contains many excellent photographs and maps. The Dunlaoghaire Borough Council and their Town Planning Adviser, Mr. Manning Robertson, are to be congratulated on its production. It is hoped that the other Borough Councils will see fit to follow their example.

B. O'C.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS AND MONETARY REFORM.

PROSPERITY: 2d. monthly: The League against Poverty.

ECONOMICS FOR OURSELVES: by the Goban Saor. Talbot Press. 2/-.

The increasing interest being taken in questions of currency as they affect

unemployment and the standard of living gives point to two publications which have been brought to our notice.

"Prosperity" propounds a plan for increasing and regulating currency in a measure corresponding with the prevalence of unemployment and spending the money thus created on works of public benefit such as afforestation, housing, etc.

"Economics for Ourselves" discloses a point of view so like our own in many respects as to be refreshing if not comforting. Monetary expansion is discussed favourably but reasonably. The author has written "on the assumption that Ireland does not adopt Communism." But he emphasizes a fact which many ignore. "Communism's theoretical mistakes will not stop its advance, nor will panicky religious activities, nor anything else but the prospect of an even better social ideal."

While we do not agree that expansion on the lines suggested is the solution, frank and unprejudiced discussion such as these publications afford will help greatly to solve our social and economic problems.

D.C.L.

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RIOBARD O FARACHÁIN, *well-known poet, journalist and student of affairs.*

EDWARD SHEEHY, M.A., *already a familiar name in our pages.*

PATRICK KAVANAGH, *whose "The Ploughman and other Poems" has just been published in Macmillan's series of Contemporary Poets.*

PROFESSOR EDMUND CURTIS, Chair of History, Trinity College, Dublin, *recently added to his many published works the now standard "History of Ireland."*

New readers are referred to previous notes
upon the Editors of the various Sections:

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The future holds no less brilliant and representative a company and always too our poems and short story and usual features: Foreign Commentary, Art, Music, Theatre, Film and Book Section, conducted respectively by OWEN S. SKEFFINGTON, JOHN DOWLING, EAMONN O GALLCOBHAI, SEAN O MEADHRA, LIAM O LAOGHAIRE and SEAN O FAOLAIN.

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